Glen 187

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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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Scrimshire
Scrimshire

CALLIOPE

or

ENGLISH HARMONY

A

Collection

of the most Celebrated English and Scots Songs Neatly Engrav'd and Embelish'd with Designs adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the Compositions of the Best Masters in the most Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and Transpositions for the Flute (proper for all Teachers Scholars and Lovers of Musick Printed on a fine Paper on each side which renders the Undertaking more compleat than any thing of the kind ever Publish'd

VOL: the first

LONDON *Engrav'd & Sold by Henry Roberts Engraver & Printseller at his Shop in New turnstile over against the Nine Tavern in High Holbourn of Whom may be had Compleat Setts or any odd Numbers Likwise all sorts of Prints Maps Drawing Books &c.*

MDCCXXXIX.

John Scrimshire
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

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NB. on Monday July the 2d. will be Publish'd Number 1. of Volume the 2d. to be Continued every 3 Weeks.

To my worthy Subscribers.

Gentlemen & Ladies

The encouragement I have received from you in this *Undertaking*, obliges me in Gratitude to return you my hearty thanks; And I hope for a continuance of your favours in the next *Volume*, And also such Recommendations as the Work may justly merit, it being generally esteemed to be y.e most compact, and *useful Collection*, of any thing of this Kind extant; However, to make it such, shall be the utmost endeavour of

Your most Obliged

humble Servant

Hen: Roberts.

New Turn Stile Holbourn
May 31st. 1739.

The Bush aboon Traquair for the German Flute.

Hear me, ye Nymphs, & ev-ry Swain I'll tell how Peg-gy Grieves me Tho' thus I Languish, and

complain, alass, she ne'er believes me. My Vows and Sighs, like Si--lent air, Unheeded

ne--ver mo--ve her; at the Bony Bush a boon Traquair 'Twas there I first did, lo'e her

2

That Day she smil'd, & made me glad,
No Maid seem'd ever kinder,
I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
In words that I thought tender,
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

3

Yet now she Scornful flies the Plain,
(The Fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet she shews Disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bony Bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

4

Ye Rural Powers who hear my Strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not my Love will turn Despair,
My Passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

Flute

Blooming Fanny for the German Flute

When Fanny, Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught

with her Shape & Air, I felt a strange delight: Whilst eagerly I gazid, admiring every part, I every Feature praisd, She stole in-to my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
Young smileing Loves appear,
There Cupid basking lyes,
His Shafts are hoarded there;
Her Blooming cheeks are dyd,
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove,
Her Features all express,
The Beauteous Queen of Love;
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid,
Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Fanny's waste,
Hath her own Cestus Bound,
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who sport the circle round;
How happy will he be,
Who shall her Zone unlose,
That bliss to all but me,
May Heav'n and she refuse.

Flute

The Kind Lass of Polwart.

At Polwart on the Green, If you'l meet in the Morn;
Where Lasses do conveen, To dance about the Thorn
A kindly welcom you shall meet Fra her wha liks to view A
Lover and a Lad complete the Lad and Lover You.

2

At Polwart on the Green,
Amang the new mawn hay;
With Sangs and dancing keen,
We'l pass the joyfull day
At night if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou shoudst miss of thine;
Thou shalt be welcom my dear Lad,
To take a part of mine.

FLUTE

Colin's Request for the German Flute.

Help me Each Harmonious Grove, gently whisper all ye Trees, Tune Each

warbling Throat to Love, and cool each Mead with Softest Breeze

Breath Sweet Odours e'ery Flow'r, all your Various Paintings show; pleasing

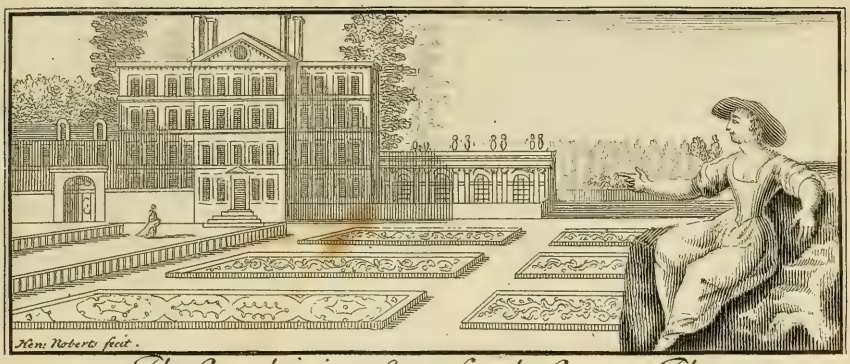
verdure grace each Bow'r, around let e'ery Blessing flow.

2

Glide ye Lympid Brooks along,
Phœbus glance thy Mildest Ray;
Murm'ring Floods repeat my Song,
And tell what Colin dare not Say.

Celia comes! whose charming Air,
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, a tell the Blooming Fair,
That Colin dies if she disdains.

Flute



The Complaining Lover for the German Flute.

Long have I Strove his Heart to gain But he no Pity, He no Pity,

pity shows; yet cruel He, cannot Disdain, the Love that

from me flow ..... s, the Love that

from me flows.

2
Of have I try'd to win his Love,
But that could ne'er attain:
Now Cupid tell me where to rove,
And ease my Love sick pain.

3
Ye Gods Omnipotent whose pow'r
Can help the injur'd Fair:
Pity my Tale, my peace restore,
And banish my dispair.

Flute

Charming Moggy for the German Flute.

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed! Yet
Moggy's still sweeter than those Both nature & fancy excede :
No Daisie nor sweet blushing Rose, Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Fields, Nor
Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure e'er yields

2

'Tis she doth the Virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Loves graces all round her do dwel
She's fairest where Thousands are fair;
Tweeds murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an Ambrosial kiss.

Flute

The Apology

Frown not my Dear, nor be Se...vere Because I

did Ca...rin...na kiss For all th'Intent, was Compli-

-ment And truly no...thing else but this

2

No Single Charm,
Of hers can warm,
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;
She can't subdue,
My Soul like you
Nor such Celestial Joy impart

3

Call me not base,
In such a Case,
Nor misinterpret my Design;
For I averr,
I love not her
But am with Resignation thine.

Flute.

A Scotch Song for the German Flute

Oh my tender panting heart, Why so young and why so sad? why does

pleasure seem a smart, or I wretched while I'm glad? oh loves Goddess,

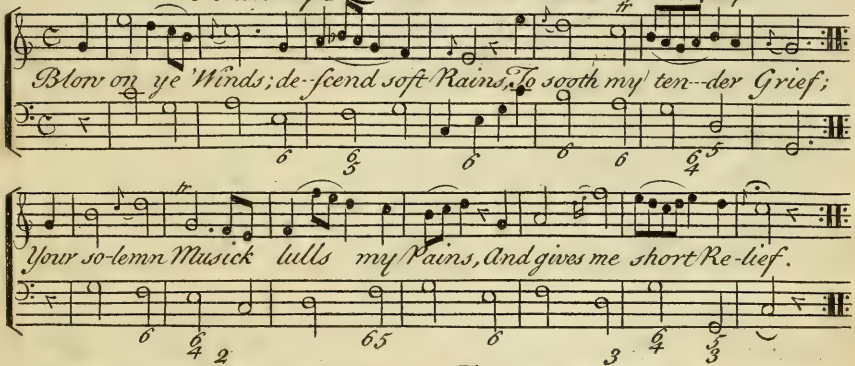
why ne'r formd from cold and Joy, Joy Seas; Instruct me why I,

am thus warm'd, and darts at once can wound and please?

What is Love, and Whence its charms,
That it beareth such a rule?
To make Soldiers quit their arms,
Kings turn Slaves, the wise-man Fool?
Fain I'd chace thee from the field?
And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke;
Next tide of blood, alas! I yield,
And all those high resolves are broke!

Flute

Solitary Lover Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe



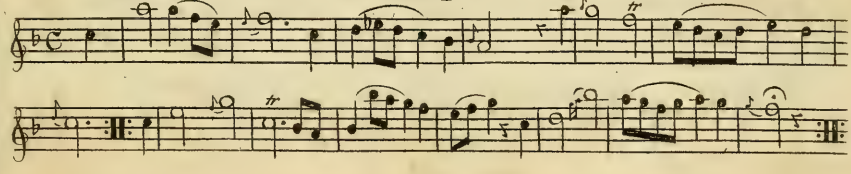
In some lone Corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since Mirth, nor show nor sparkling Wit
Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun which makes all Nature gay
Torments my weary Eyes;
And in dark Shades I spend the Day,
Where Echo sleeping lies.

4

The sparkling Stars which gayly shine,
And glitt'ring deck the Night;
Are all such cruel Foes of mine,
I sicken at their Sight.

FLUTE



A Song in the Conscious Lovers.

From place to place forlorn I go, with down cast Eyes,
down cast Eyes, down cast Eyes a silent Shade: Forbiden to de-
clare, declare my wo, to Speak, to Speak till spoken to afraid.

My innward Pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray:
He Loves but gives me no releif,
Why speaks not he who may.

FLUTE

Ken: Roberts fecit

Largo e' affettuoso.

The Maids Petition

Cruel Creature can you leave me can you

then Ungrateful prove? did you Court me to deceive me

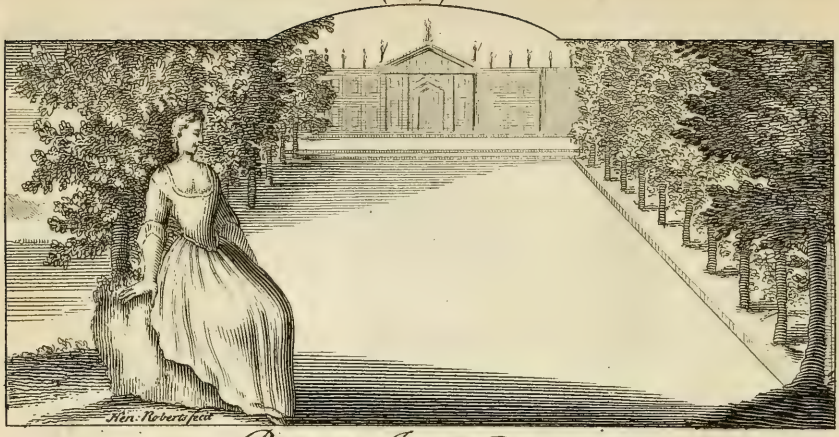
and to slight my Constant Love?

False Ungrateful! thus to woe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.

Shall I send to Heav'n my prayer,
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a Tender Maids Petition,
And restore my Love again.

FLUTE



Bonny Jean

Loves Goddess in a myrtle Grove, said, Cupid, bend thy bow with Speed; Nor let thy Shafts at random rove, For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.

The smiling boy with Cunning art, From Paphos shot an Arrow keen; which flew unerring to the heart, And killd the pride of bonny Jean.

2

No more the Nymph with haughty Air,
Refuses Willie's kind address;
Her yielding blushes Shew no care,
But too much fondness to Suppress.

Her Charms dis-clos'd She looks more bright,
Than Troys great prize the Grecian Queen;
With breaking day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

Flute

The Maids Request Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Pursue the Lad I

Love; In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame and

try his Heart to move, and try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always Green,
Thy Channel never Dry;
If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen,
My Tears shall that supply.

May guilded Carps thy surface skim
In Place of useless Weeds;
May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim
And Knots of bending Reeds.

Flute

pia.

Set to Musick by Mr. Monro

My Goddess Celia Heavenly Fair, as Lillies sweet, as
soft as Air; Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, &
to my love give fresh allarms,

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss
That I may rival Jove in bliss
That I may mix my Soul with thine
And make the Pleasure all divine

Why dravv'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart, the vital Blood
Thou art all over endless charms
Oh take me dying to thy arms

Flute

The Lovers first Address

Adagio

Charmer, permit me to make a Sur ren---der of an un artful and

innocent-Heart. Slight not my Pas sion because it is tender,

Think on yo. Charms and you'll pi---ty my Smart.

You are the first that e'er made me to Languish,
And to the last I shall love you alone;
As you occasion'd O pity my Anguish,
And let your smiles for your Rigour atone.

FLUTE

The Praise of Bacchus The Musick by Mr Corelli

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story,

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story,

Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!

Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!

Friend to the Muses, a Whetstone to Venus;
Herald to Pleasures, when Wine would convene us,
Sorrow's Physician,
When our Condition,
In wordly Cares wants a Cordial to skreen us.

Nature she smil'd when thy Birth it was blazed;
Mankind rejoyc'd when thy Altars were raised;
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the Vine's growing,
And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

Flute

N°3

H. Roberts fecit.

The Fly, Set to Musick by Dr. Green

Busy curious thirsty Fly, drink with me & drink as I, Freely welcome

Busy curious thirsty Fly, drink with me & drink as I, Freely welcome

to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up, Make y most of Life you may

to my Cup couldst thou sip & sip it up, Make y most of Life you may

Life is short & wears away, Life is short & wears away.

Life is short & wears away, Life is short & wears away.

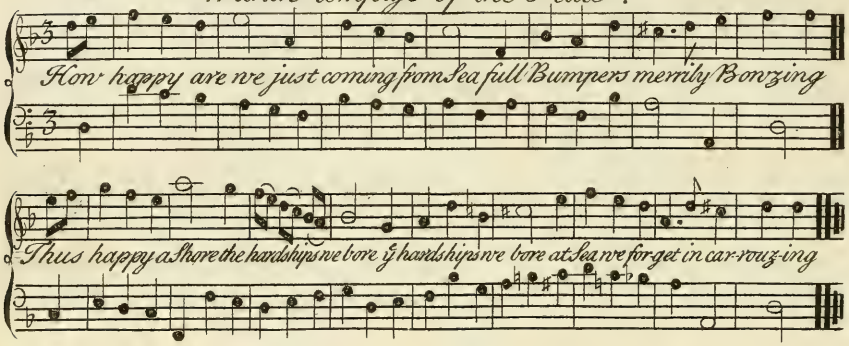
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their Decline,
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' augmented to Threescore,

Threescore Summer's when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one
Will appear &c.

Flute

Hen: Roberts fecit

A New Song by Mr. Thos. Phillips, Within Compass of the Flute.


How happy are we just coming from Sea full Bumpers merrily Bonzing
Thus happy a Shore the hardships we bore & hardships we bore at Sea we forget in carrouzing

2

Yet bravely again
We'll tempt the main
When ever our King and the Nation
Command us on board
Each heart hand & Sword
Each &c.
Is devoted to their preservation

3

Tho' the Spaniards invade
Our Intrest and Trade
And often our merchant-men plunder
Give us but Command
Their force to with stand
Their force &c.
We'll soon make the Slaves truckle under

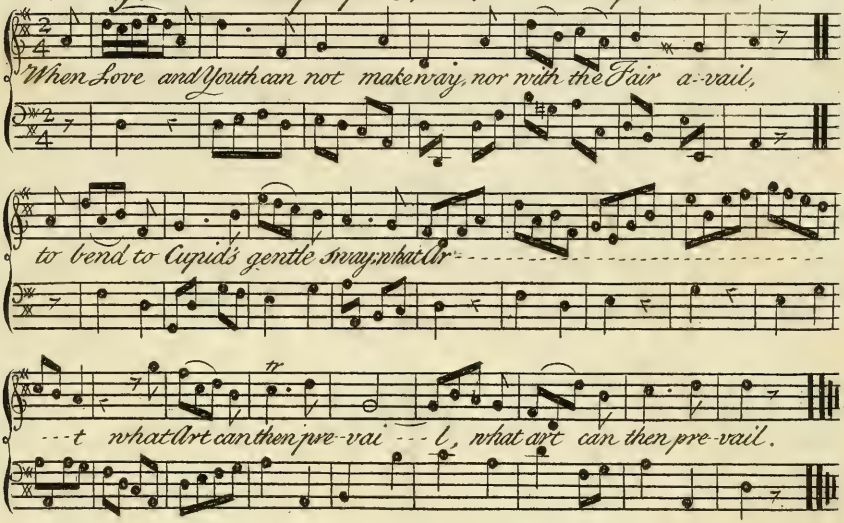
4

Tho' now they ride
The waves in pride
We'll Curb their every Motion
And soon let 'em know
No insolent Foe
Provokes unrevengd
The Sovereign Lords of the Ocean

5

Then Fill ev'ry Glass
And round let it pass
Success to each honest endeavour
That trade wealth & peace
With glorious encrease
With &c.
May attend on our Country for ever

Gold a Receipt for Love.

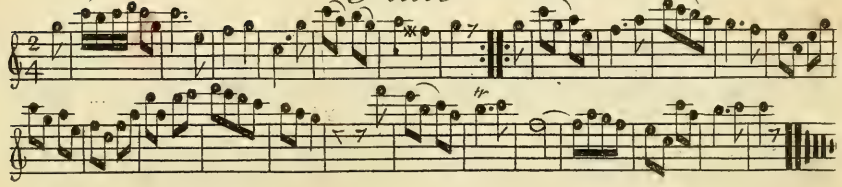
Set by Mr. Monro.

When Love and Youth can not make way, nor with the Fair a-vail,
to bend to Cupid's gentle Sway, what Ar
---t what Art can then pre-vai---l, what art can then pre-vail.

I'll tell you Strephon a Receipt,
Of a most Sovereign Pow'r;
If yoy the Stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r, Let drop &c.

This Method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain;
The cold regardless Danae's Love
Or conquer her Disdain. Or &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart;
So deep as when he tips with Gold,
The fatal piercing Dart. The &c.

Flute



Ken. Roberts fecit.

Clariſsa, set to Musick by Mr. Monro

Clariſsa ſhines along the Plains where e're ſhe moves Clari-ſa reigns, &
ev-ry heart demands. Diſplays her ſparkling ſable eyes each raſh beholder they ſur-
prize & lead in gentle bands.

2

Thus reigns the Charmer I adore,
With awful and Majeſtick Pow'r,
Yet with an Air moſt free.
Her looks are ſo divinely fair,
Ye Gods who can with her compare,
Muſt more then Mortal be.

3

Thou God of love now hear my Pray'r,
Let me enjoy this Matchleſs fair,
And then I ſhall be bleſt.
Do thou ſo fix me in her heart,
That ſhe and I may never part,
But prove each others gueſt.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

The Careless Shepperd, the Musick by Corelli

Moggy & Jenny both do undo me Moggy I love but Jenny pursues me

Moggy & Jenny both do undo me Moggy I love but Jenny pursues me

one is unkind the other too Civil did ever shepherd meet wth such Evil ?

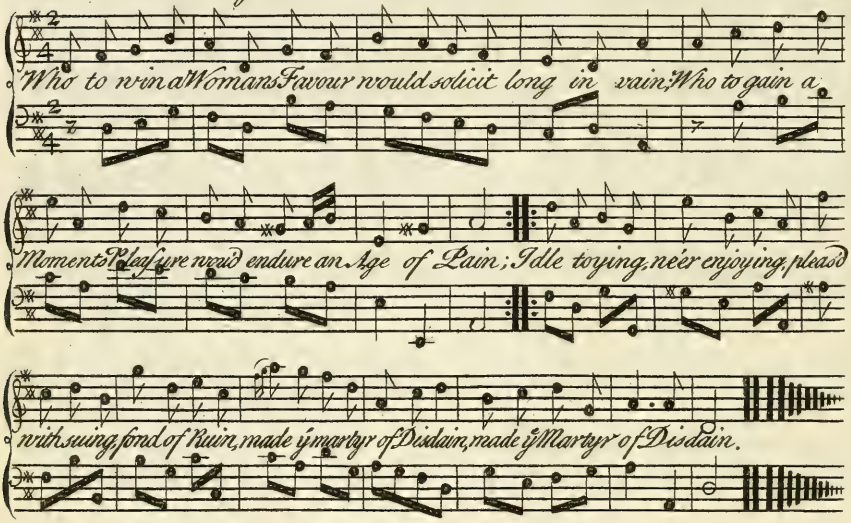
one is unkind the other too Civil did ever shepherd meet wth such Evil ?

Moggy she frowns whilst Jenny looks smiling;
One is severe the other beguiling:
Often I say Londs Jenny be easy,
Moggy replys the man sure is crazy!

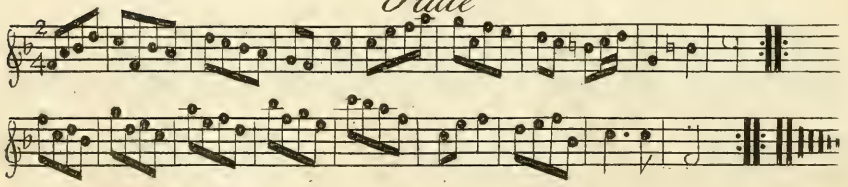
Thus am I plaguid 'twixt one & the other
Moggy my dear oh! help your poor Lover
If you're unkind, & will not be Civil
Jenny and you may go to the Devil.

Flute

A Song in the Colombine Courtezan


Who to win a Womans Favour would solicit long in vain; Who to gain a
Moments Pleasure would endure an Age of Pain; Idle toying, neer enjoying, pleasd
with suing, fond of Ruin, made ỹ martyr of Disdain, made ỹ Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
Frankly proff'ring all her Charms;
Never flying,
Still complying,
Train'd to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circled in her snowy Arms.

Flute

Dumbartons Drums

Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny O, when they mind me of my dear Jonny O, How

Happy am I when my Soldier is by while he kisses and blesses his Annie O,

'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me O, For his graceful Looks do invite me O, while

guarded in his Arms, I'll fear not Wars Alarms, neither Danger nor Death shall e'er fright me O.

My Love is a handsome Laddie O,
Genteel but ne'er Foppish nor Gaudy O
Tho' Comm[i]ssion's are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this Year,
For he shall serve no longer a Ladie O,
A Soldier has Honour & Bravery O,
Unacquainted n[o]. Rogues & their knavry O
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King,
For ev'ry other care is but Slavery O

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady O,
Farewel to my Friends & my Daddy O,
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And when e'er that beats I'll be ready O,
Dumbarton's Drums Sounds bonny O,
They're sprightly like my dear Jonny O,
How happy shall I by,
When on my Soldiers Knee,
And he kisses & blesses his Annie O,

Flute

Hen. Roberts Fecit

An Invitation to a Robin, Set to Musick by Mr. Sandford

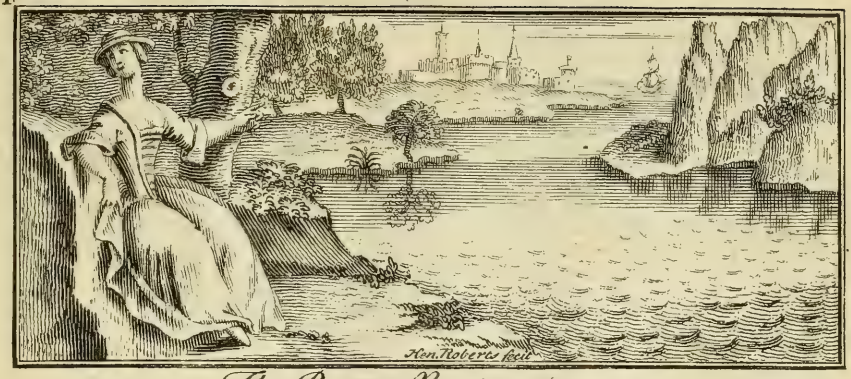
Domestick Bird whom wintry Blasts to seek for human Aid Compell, To me for
Warmth & shelter fly, Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell Supplies thy
Hunger to relieve, I'll daily at my Window lay a surd that daily
those supplies nr. grate ful Song nr. grateful song thou wilt repay

Soon as the niew returning spring,
Shall call thee forth to Woods & Groves
Freely revisit then the Scene,
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves
But if another Winters frost,
Shall bring me back my Guest again
Again with Musick come prepar'd,
Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,
In this it's best Effect appears;
That Friendship in the strictest Bond
It both engages and endears,
In musick's ravishing delight,
You feather'd Folks with Men agree;
Of all the animated World,
The only Harmonists are We.

Flute

No. 4.



The Bonny Boat man

Ye gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the Jolly Boat-man; Bear me from hence, or bring to me, my brave my bonny Scot-man; In holy bands, we joyn'd our hands, Yet may not this dis-cover: while Parents rate, a large estate; Before a faithful Lover.

But I would chuse in Highland Glens,
To herd the Kid and Goat-man;
E'er I could for such little ends,
Refuse my bonny Scot-man;
Wae worth the man, who first began,
The base, ungenerous fashion;
From greedy views, loves art to use,
While Strangers to its passion.

From foreign fields, my lovely Youth,
Hast to thy longing Lassie;
Who pants, to kiss thy balmy mouth,
And in her bosom press thee;
Love gives the word, then haste on board,
Fair wind and gentle Boat-man,
Waft ore wast ore from yonder shoar,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.

Flute

N. Roberts fecit.

The Plain Dealer

Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

Why do you fix your Eyes on mine? Why do your spreading Blushes rise?

Oh tell me what is your Design, say do you love me or Despise?

If you despise me wherefore turn, You not your Eyes from me a---way

And if you do with Passion burn, To speak it why should you delay.

Do not my Looks declare my Heart,
To pity thee too much inclin'd;
But should you scorn me, use no Art,
To hear my Fate I stand resign'd:
My Love as yet a lambent Fire,
By Kindness fann'd may soon increase;
Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,
And leave both you & me at ease.

Flute

Ken. Roberts fecit.

On Zelinda

On dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze and drink Destruction from her Eyes In

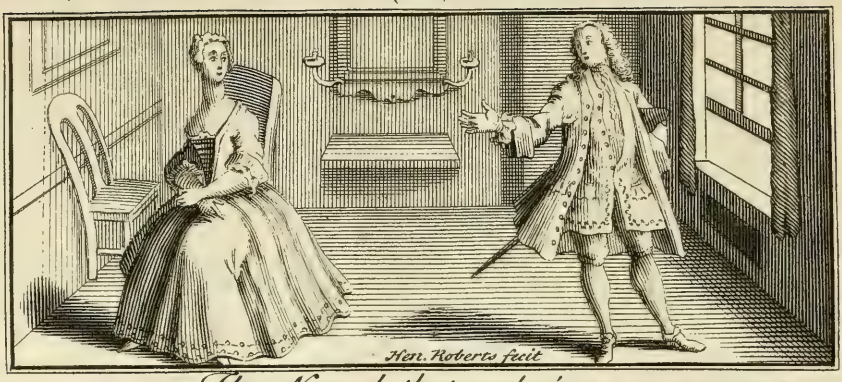
those bright Orbs, Love gay-by plays, and laughing bids his Arrows fly. He wounds without

ceasing the Pain is yet pleasing so sweet is the Anguish I love & I languish, I love and I languish &

n'. from my Charmer methinks I could dye, & when from my Charmer methinks I could dye.

With Venus when on Ida's Grove,
For Charms Zelinda may compare;
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her Face, divine her Air.
Bright Youth & good Nature,
Light up ev'ry Feature,
With Wit all inviting,
She's gay and delighting,
Inviting delighting,
O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move,
O Cupid assist me my Charmer to move.

Flute



The Nymph that undoes me, set to Musick by Dr. Green

The Nymph y undoes me, is fair and unkind; No less than a Wonder by
Nature design'd; She's the Grief of my Heart the Joy of my Eye, and y cause of a
Flame y never can die, the cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush & the Smell of the Rose;
Love & Destiny both attend on her will,
She Wounds with a look with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess:
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I.
Who sees her must love, & who loves her must die.

FLUTE

Ken. Roberts fecit

The Happy Toper, set to Musick by Mr. Lutman

Will you credit a Miser, tis Gold makes us Wise: & Bliss of his Life, & Bliss of his Life, &

Bliss of his Life, & the Joy of his Eyes And ask a fond Lover were Wisdom he places, to be

sure in his Mistress her Charms & her Graces; But let the free Lad speak the

Joy of his Soul; tis a Sparkling Glass a Sparkling Glass and a smiling full Bowl

2

The Miser is wretched unhappy & poor;
He suffers great Want in the midst of full Store.
The Lover's disconsolate, mopish, and sad,
For that which when gained wt soon make him mad.
The Miser's a Fool & the Lover's an Ass
And he only's Wise, who adores the full Glass.

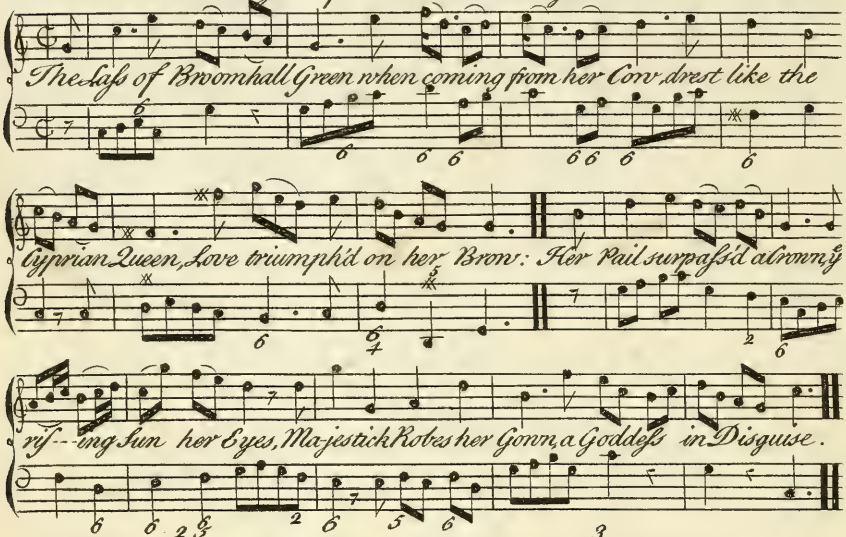
3

Let the Miser then hugg up his ill-gotten Pelf,
And to feed empty Bags may he starve his own self;
Let & Lover still languish twixt Hope & Despair,
And dote on a Face, as inconstant as fair;
But still may his Bliss be as great as his Soul
Who pays no Devoir but to Wine & the Bowl.

Flute

A Roberts fecit.

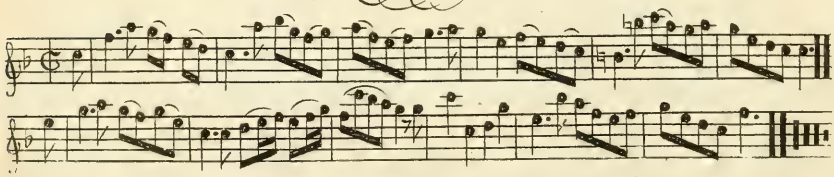
The Lass of Broomhall Green


The Lass of Broomhall Green when coming from her Cow, drest like the
Cyprian Queen, Love triumphd on her Brow: Her Pail surpass'd a Crown;
ris---ing Sun her Eyes, Majestick Robes her Gown, a Goddess in Disguise.

Her Breath perfum'd the Air,
Not Paradice so sweet,
Like shining Pearls her Hair,
As Indian Silks her Feet,
And when She sung my Ears,
Were ravish'd with her Voice,
The Musick of the Spheres,
To hers was jarring noise.

I left her with regret,
So graceful was her mein,
That I shall ne'er forget,
The Lass of Broomhall Green,
Nor dare th' admiring Tops,
Perfume to court for She,
Must when the next life drops,
The Landlords Heriot be.

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit.

The Charmer — To a Celebrated Air in Demetrius.

Stella darling of the Muses, Fairer then the blooming Spring, sweetest theme y^e^
Po-et chuses, when of thee ---------- he strives to sing:
While my Soul w^th^ wonder traces, all thy charms of Face & mind, all the Beauties
all y^e^ Graces, of thy Sex ---------- in thee I find

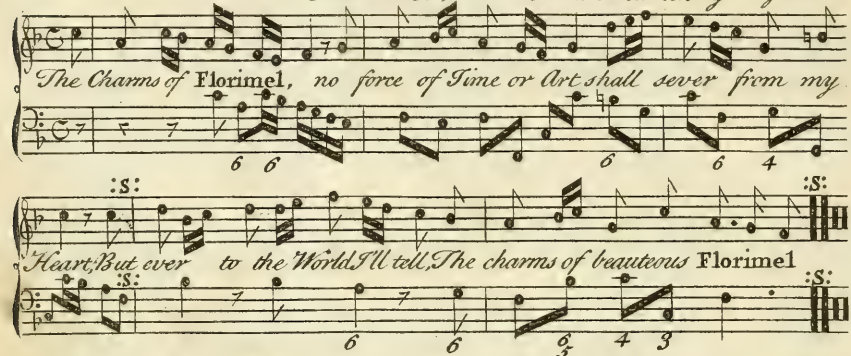
Love and Joy and Admiration,
In my Breast alternate rise,
Words no more can paint my passion,
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes.

Lavish Nature thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips & Cheeks hath spread
Colours that can shame the Morning,
Smiling with Celestial Red.

Could the Gods in Blest'd condition,
Ought on Earth with Envy view;
Lovely Stella their Ambition,
Would be to Resemble You.

Flute

Florimel, set to Musick by Dr. Green


The Charms of Florimel, no force of Time or Art shall sever from my
Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell, The charms of beauteous Florimel

2

Each Rock and Sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads & Groves,
Shall say Martillo Loves,
And Echo shall be taught to tell,
The Charms, &c.

3

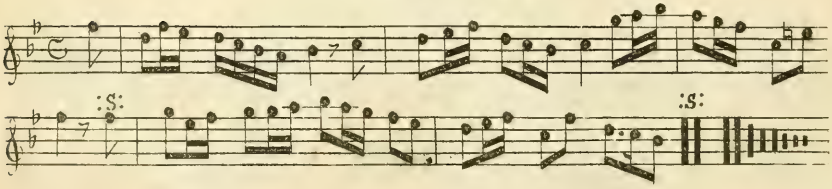
Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Back doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times, in Verse shall tell,
The Charms, &c.

4

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on its bubling Stream,
Convey the Virgin's Name,
And as it rolls in murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

5

The Silvan Gods that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love,
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell
The Charms of beauteous Florimel

FLUTE

The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss of Senisino

As musing I rangid in ỹ Meads all alone. A beautiful Creature was making her Moan.

Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she piercid both ỹ Air and my Heart wth her Cries.

Cries. Oh the Tears they did Trickle full fast from her Eyes & she piercid ỹ Air & my Heart wth her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her moan,
She told me her sweet Senisino was flown,
And in ỹ sad Posture shed ever remain,
Unless ỹ dear Charmer would come back again

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,
That draws such a stream fr so lovely an Eye
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee
My warbler Celestial, sweet Darling of Fame
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soard to ỹ sky.
Come dry up your Tears & abandon ỹ Grief
I'll bring you another, to give you Relief

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she
But one much more tuneful by far than all three
My sweet Senisino for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all ỹ wingid Songsters that fly.

Adieu Farinelli Cuzzoni likewise,
Whom Stars & whom Garters extol to the Skies
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, & a fig for them all.

Hen. Roberts fecit

Advice to the Unwary. Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

The Wounded Deer flyes swift a way; The bearded Arrow
in his Side; Still vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with the
Herd escape un Spy'd, mix'd with the Herd escape unspy'd

But oh the Moment that they see,
The steaming Blood flow from his Wound;
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on the Ground.

Thus the poor Nymph who sore distrest,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;
To all the World becomes a Jest,
And falls of Slanderous Tongues the Pray.

FLUTE.

N. Roberts fecit.

The Supplication

Divinest Fair, oh ease my

care and kindly chear your dy--ing Swain No longer fly

no more deny, but give me Love for Love again, no longer

fly no more deny, but give me Love for Love again.

Loves pow'rfull Dart,
Has pierc'd my Heart,
Shot from your irresistless Charms;
Nor can I rest,
Untill I'm blest,
Encircled in your snowy Arms.

Flute

The Maids Husband, The Words & Musick by Mr. Carey

Vivace

Genteel in personage, Conduct, & Equipage,

Noble by heritage, generous & free ; Brave, not romantic,

Learnid, not pedantic, frolic, not frantic, this must be he

Honour Maintaining, Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining, Engaging & New :
Neat, but not finical, Sage, but not Cynical,
Neaver Tyrannical, But ever true .

Flute

A Favourite Aire by M.r Handel in Ariadne

How is it possible, how can I forbear? So many Charms all around you wear? Thy every

part hath such power to move, who sees admires, & who knows you doth love, & who knows

you doth Love. In vain you do command a way, Methinks to thee I'd e----ver grow; while you re-

main, then must I stay, when you depart, then I must go. D.C.

Flute.

Andante

pia

pianiss.o

D. C.

H. Roberts fecit.

The Slighted Lover

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Releive ỹ Heart you've won Believe my

Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm Undone, You say I'm Fickle & apt to

Change at ev'ry Face that's new Of all ỹ Girls I ever saw I ne'er Lov'd one but you.

My Heart was like a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your Bright Eye,
And then it kindled in a Trice
A Flame that ne'er can die.

Then take & try me & you shall find,
That I've a Heart that's true,
Of all the Girls I ever Saw
I ne'er Lov'd One like You.

FLUTE

A Song set to a Favourit Minuet of Mr. Handels

When I Survey Clarindas Charms folded within my circling Arms; wt endless

Pleasures move a-long; Nobly soft and sweetly strong; every smile invites to

:S:

Love balmy Kisses am'rous blisses every riseing Charm improve.

:S:

2

Immortal Bliss that neer will cloy,
Always attends her Angel form,
Softest repose and blooming Joy,
In her conspire the Soul to Charm,
All that can Joy or Love create,
Beauteous blessing,
Past expressing,
Round the tender Pair one wait;

3

Love on her Breast has fix'd his Throne
And Cupid revels in her Eyes
Who can the Charmer's power disown
When in each Glance an Arrow flies,
Yet when wounded we feel no Pain,
No 'tis Pleasure,
Above measure,
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein;

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

A Song the Words by Mr. Langford

By Men belovd, how soon we're movd! How easly they perswade! How easly they per-

swade, they please us so who can say no? or who would dye a Maid.? Males for females

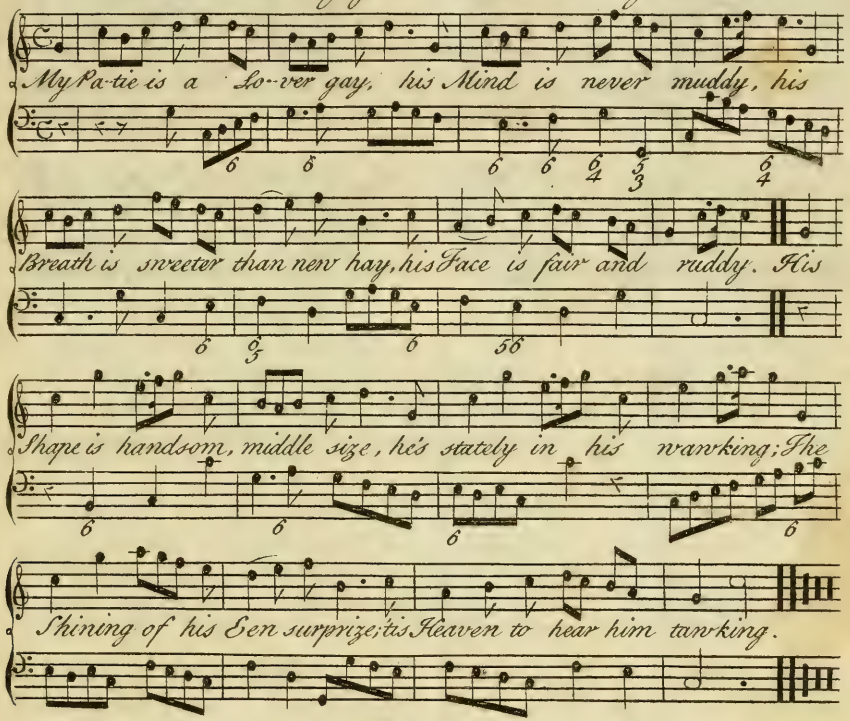
Heav'n intended: so that Heav'n may'nt be Offended, He that first makes Love to me,

Shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.

A Tender Maid at first tho' Staid
When once she thinks of Love, &c.
Will freely own, that lying alone:
Is what She cant approve,
Fruit when Young Eats then the Swestest,
Looks the Gayest & the Neatest,
Women too by all Confest,
When Young they're kist Kiss then the Best;
When Young they're kist Kiss then the Best.

Flute

Corn Riggs are Bonny


My Pa-tie is a Lo-ver gay, his Mind is never muddy, his
Breath is sweeter than new hay, his Face is fair and ruddy. His
Shape is handsom, middle size, he's stately in his wawking; The
Shining of his Een surprize; 'tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting:
Then I'll comply & marry Pate,
And syne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

The Words from the Spectator set to Musick by Mr. Digard

Andante

Thou ri-sing Sun whose Gladsome ray invites my Fair to ru-ral Play
Dispel the mist and Clear the Skies & Bring my Orra to my Eyes

O where I sure my Dear to View,
I'd climb that Pine tree's topmost Bough,
Aloft in Air that Quivering plays
And round & round for ever Gaze.

3

My Orra. Moor where are thou Laid
What woods Conceals my Slaping Maid
Fast by the roots enwrap'd I'll Tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair

4

Oh: I could ride the Clouds & Skies
Or on the Ravens pinions Rise
Ye Storks ye Swans a moment stay
And waft a Lover on his way

My Bliss to Long my Bride denies
A pace the wafting Summer flies
Or yet the wintry blasts I fear
Not Storms or Nights shall keep me here

6

What may for strength wth. steel Compare
Oh: Love has Fetters stonger far
By Bolts of steel are Limbs confin'd
But cruel Love Enchains the Mind

7

No longer then perplex thy Breast
When thoughts torment y first are best
'Tis mad to go 'tis Death to stay
Away to Orra hast away.

Flute

The Modest Concealment

Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

Dear Collin prevent my warm Blushes, Since How can I speak without Pain; My
eyes have oft told you my Wishes, Oh! can't you their Meaning explain; My Passion would
lose by Expression And you too might cruelly blame: Then don't you expect a
Confession of what is too tender to Name, Of what is too tender to Name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why should you expect it from me;
Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be;
Then quickly why don't you discover.
Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine
I need not tell over and over.
What I in my Bosom confine.

FLUTE

The Cautious Maid

set by Mr. Stanley

Leave me Shepherd leave me, give o'er your art-ful Wiles, ev-ry look Deceives me & ev'ry word be-guiles, If I yield you will fly I must re-pent & mourn Shepherd 'tis too soon to try, nor 'tis to be for-lorn.

2

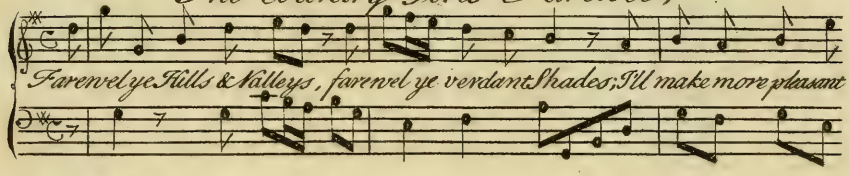
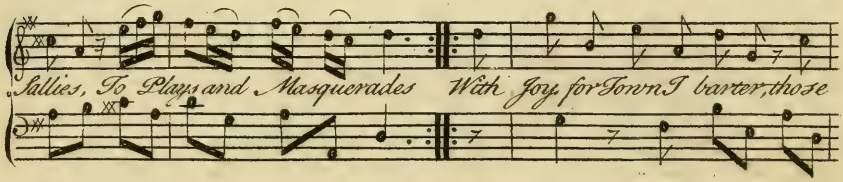
Why are you pursuing, —
To urge me to my fate,
To Contrive my Ruin,
And prove your Self Ingrate,
If I yield you will fly, —
I must repent and Mourn,
Still I Can't forbear to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn. —

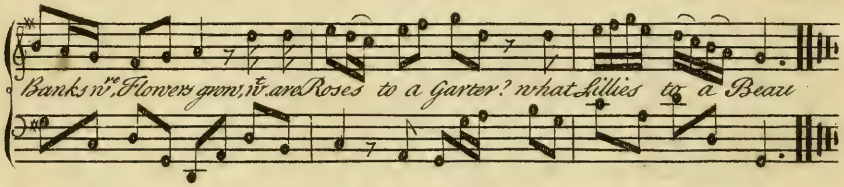
3

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few sweet moments make,
Years of grief and Sorrow,
They in exchange must take,
It is madness to be wise,
When Cupid bends his bow,
Every sense then open Lyes
To entertain the foe.

FLUTE

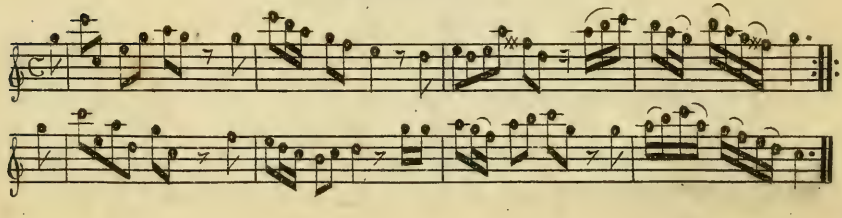
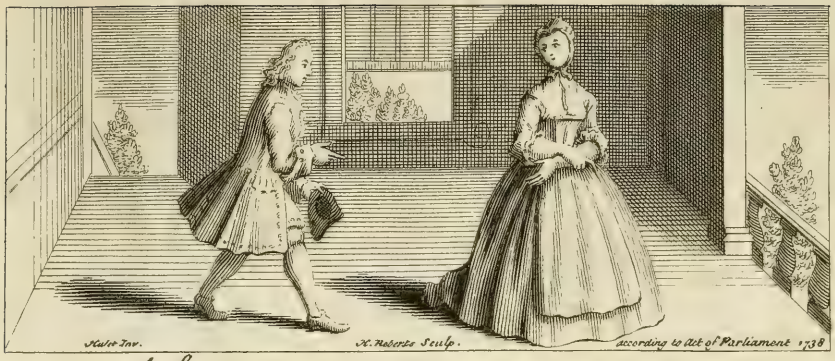
The Country Girls Farewel,





Farewel Tom, Dick, and Harry,
Farewel Moll, Nell and Sue;
No longer must I tarry,
But bid you all Adieu,
For Time it will retire,
When amidst the Quality,
Where many a Knight & Squire,
Will gladly wait on me.

Farewel ye shady Bowers,
Where Lovers often meet,
And pass the silent Hours,
With melting Kisses Sweet,
Of all th Country Pleasures,
I'll take a long Adieu,
For I have no more Leisure,
To spend away with you.

Flute



A Song Set to Musick by Mr. Anthony Young

With arts oft Practic'd and admired, a youthful Swain by Love in-

spired, Long time pursu'd a fair. Her Coldness equal to his Love, repulsd his

hope, his fears, improve, & ad--ded to his Care, and ad ded to his Care

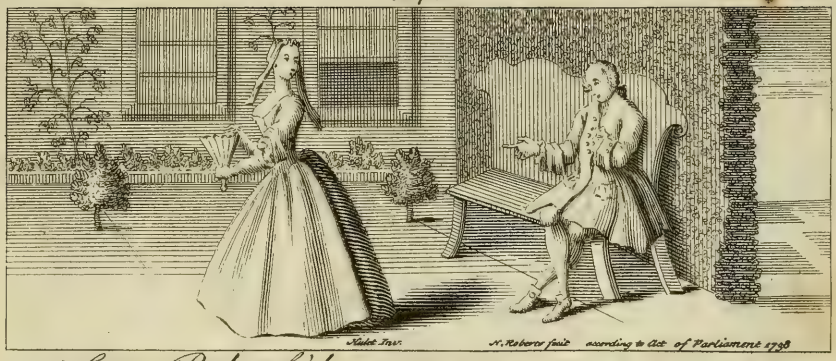
2

With Sighs and tears in vain he tries,
But Deaf to all his Pray'rs She flies,
As fast as he Pursues,
To which he answers in Disdain,
By trying to augment her Pain,
Your self the Conquest Lose.

3

Tis true I lov'd you Cruel Maid,
But Love with Love should be repaid,
To make our Bliss Compleat,
Since I've requested you've Denied,
My Love as well as yours is try'd,
And I with ease Retreat.

Flute



Love Relapsd. set to Musick by Mr. Arne.

Amoroso

If all that I love is her Face, from looking I sure can

refrain; in others her likeness may trace Or absence may ease all my pain. This is from her charms I retird

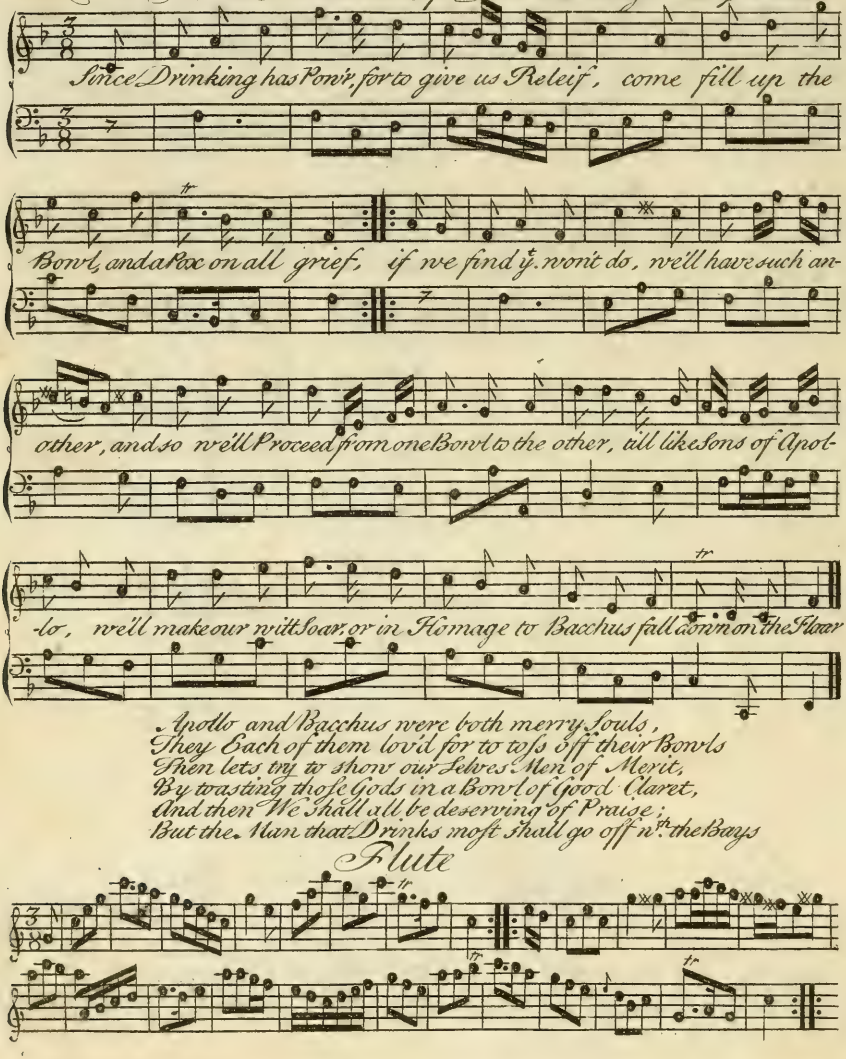
nor knew I till y.e shore I lovd We present my Passion admird. In absence my Reason approvd

Ah! why should I hope for relief,
Where all that I see is disdain,
No pity in her for my grief,
No merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
Tho' robbd of my freedom & ease,
Still provd of the choice I have made,
Tho hopeless it ever can please.

Flute

The Pow'r of Drinking

set by Mr Monro

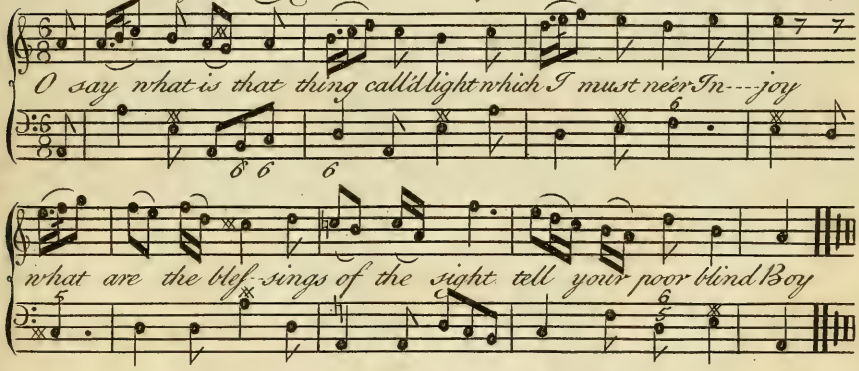

Since Drinking has Pow'r, for to give us Releif, come fill up the
Bowl, and a Pox on all grief, if we find ye. won't do, we'll have such an-
other, and so we'll Proceed from one Bowl to the other, till like Sons of Apol-
lo, we'll make our witt Soar, or in Homage to Bacchus fall down on the Floar
Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They Each of them lov'd for to toss off their Bowls
Then lets try to show our Selves Men of Merit,
By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of Good Claret,
And then We Shall all be deserving of Praise;
But the Man that Drinks most Shall go off w:th the Bays

Flute

N. Roberts fecit. according to Act of Parliam.

The Blind Boy

Written by Colley Cibber Esq.[3] *Set to Musick by Mr. Lwridge*



2

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the Sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he,
Then make it day or night?

3

My day or night my self I make,
When e'er I wake, or Play;
And could I ever keep Awake,
With me 'twere always day.

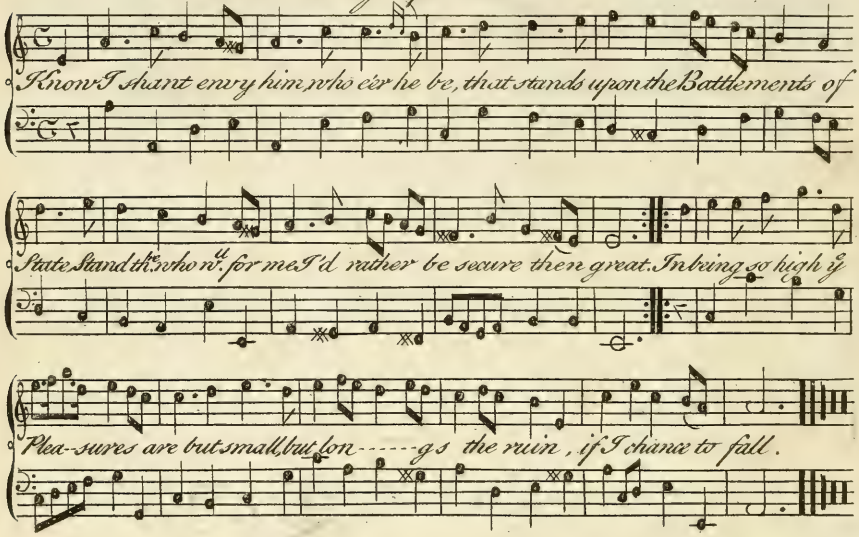
4

With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe;
But sure with patience I may bear,
A Loss I ne'er can know.

5

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind boy!

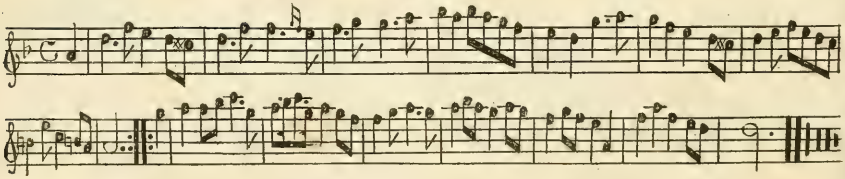
The Enjoyment

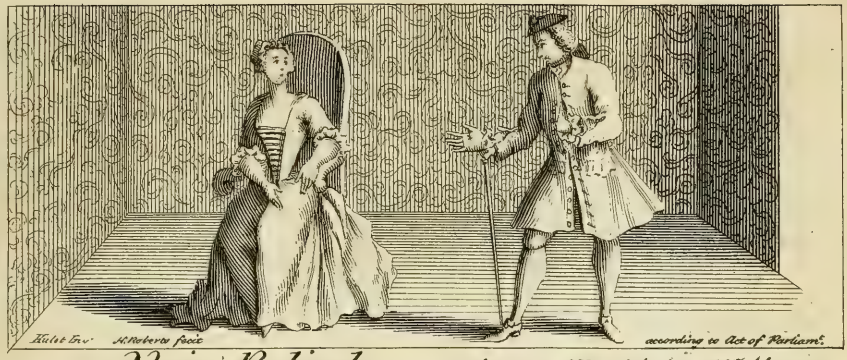

Know I shant envy him, who e'er he be, that stands upon the Battlements of
State Stand th.n who n.t for me I'd rather be secure then great. In being so high y.t
Plea-sures are but small but lon-----gs the ruin, if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet shade, secured lye,
Happy in Leasure and obscurity,
Whilst others place their Joys,
In Popularity and noise,
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,
Like Subterranean streams unheard unknown.

Then when my days are all in silence past,
A good plain Country man I dye at last,
Death cannot choose but be,
To him a Mighty misery,
Who to the world was popularly known,
And dyes, a stranger to himself alone.

Flute





Vain Belinda, Set to Musick by Mr. Monro

Vain Bel--linda are your Miles, Vain are all your artful Smiles
n'hile like a Bully you in—vite, And then de--cline th'ap-proaching
fi----------ght, then de---cline th'ap-proaching fight.

Various are the little Arts,
Which you use to Conquer Hearts:
By empty threats, he would affright,
And you by empty hopes invite.

Cowards may, by him be Brav'd,
Fops may be by you enslav'd;
Then would he Vanquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind

Flute.

Hulse Inv. N. Rotero Fecit according to Act of Parliam.

The Address to Silvia.

Set to Musick by M.r Handel

Blest th.n my Silvia life proves a

pleasure, but ft.s my treasure is nought but pain ---- Fondly loving

constant moving, sweetly flowing, smiles before ---- ing; With joy

ỹ. Sylvia fly to ỹ. Lover, youll the.n discover how m.ch ỹ. reign ---- If when ỹ.

find my soul sincere, n.hy sh.d ỹ. fly me n.r can ỹ. fear, n.r sh.d you fly me n.r can you fear. D.C.

FLUTE

Advice to Celia

set to Musick by Mr. Stanley

Oh Celia recall thy lost Vows, And duty and reason obey, De-

spise Love and all those false Powers; that first gave young

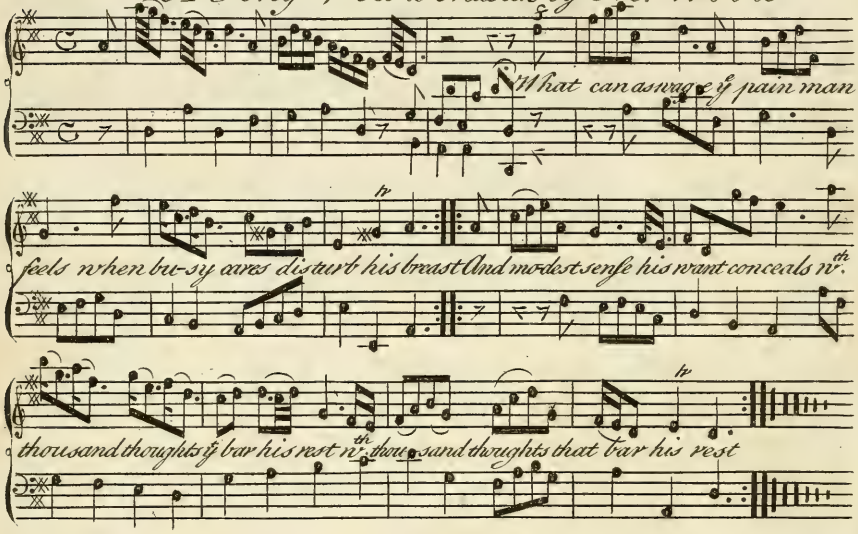
Strephon the Sway: Believe me the Swain is a rover, Nor

constant to any can be, then prithee discard discard such a

Lover & once more resolve to be free. and once more resolve to be free.

Flute

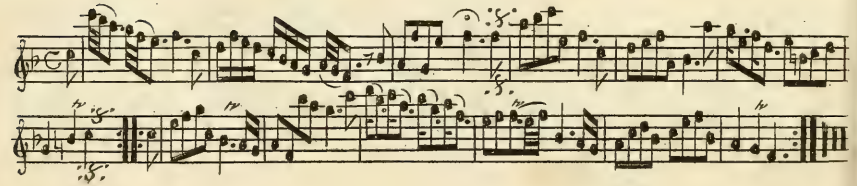
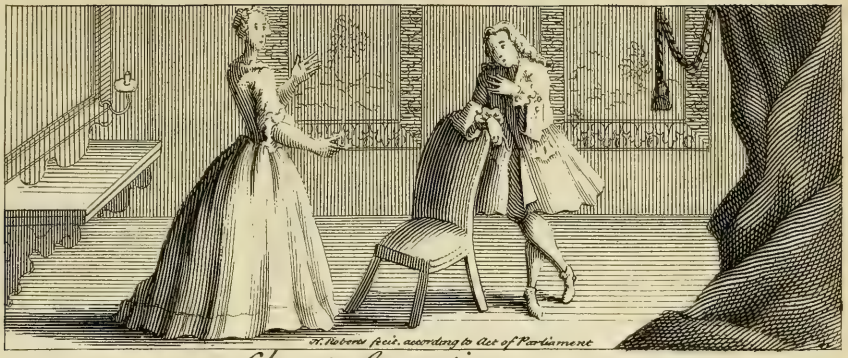
A Song, Set to Musick by Mr. Wood


What can asswage ye pain man
feels when bu-sy cares disturb his breast And modest sense his want conceals
th
thousand thoughts ye bar his rest
th
thousand thoughts that bar his rest

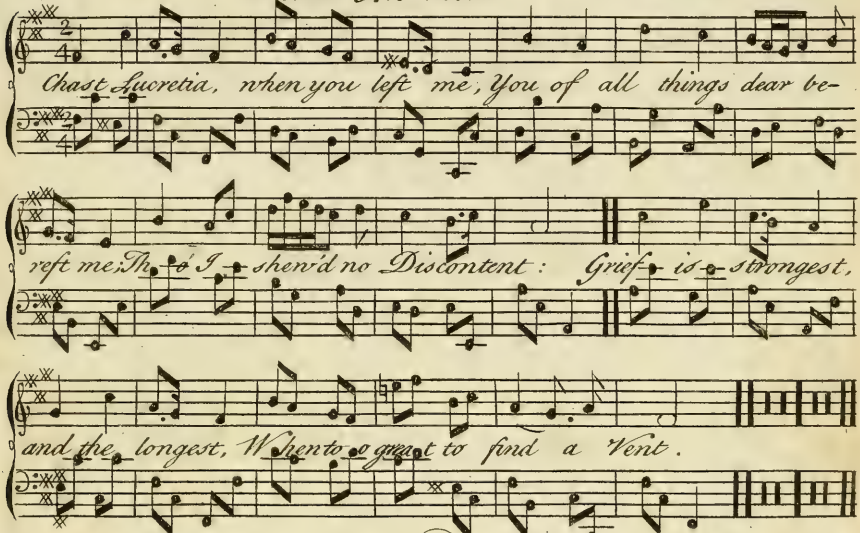
Can Wine one gloomy thought remove
Can titles, wealth, or mirth give ease,
Can Women's charms or thoughts of love
Recall his Soul or mind to Peace.

No no they're trifling Pleasures all,
The Rich enjoy them but a day,
Within their Breast they deign to call
Never rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,
When wanton Fortune is unkind,
That sett's a Wretch above a King;
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

FLUTE



Chast Lucretia

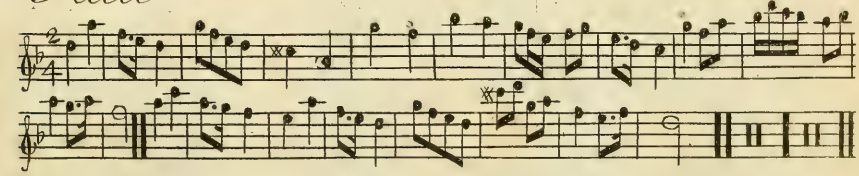

Chast Lucretia, when you left me, You of all things dear be-
reft me Tho' I shew'd no Discontent: Grief is strongest,
and the longest, When to great to find a Vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguish,
When we most in secret languish!
Silent streams are deepest found;
Noisy grieving,
Is deceiving;
Empty Vessels make most sound

Had I words that could reveal it,
Yet I wisely would conceal it;
Tho' the Question be but fair:
Grief and Merits,
Love and Spirits,
Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,
And surprizing Joys attend you;
Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun:
Faintly Shining,
And declining,
Till thou charming Spring returns.

Flute



The Lass of Patties Mill.

The Lass of Patties Mill, Sa bony blith and gay; in spight of aw my

skill, she stole my heart away When tedding of the hay, bare headed

on the green, Love midst her looks did play, And wanton'd in her eyn.

Her arms white round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would gi youth,
To press them in his hand;
Thro' all my spirits ran,
An extasie of bliss;
When I'se such sweetness faund,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowrs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smild;
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride;
She me to love beguild,
I'se wisht her for my bride

Oh! had I'se aw the wealth,
Hopton's high mountains fill;
Insured long life and health;
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Patties Mill,
Should share the same wi me.

FLUTE

A Song *Set to Musick by Mr Barker of Coventry*

Gentle God of pleasing pains, God of Love and soothing Joys,

Fly where Flora matchless reigns, Tell her Strephon loveing Dyes!

on her Cold & Snowy Breast, Let thy Silken Pinions rest!

2

In melting whispers, moving sounds,
Softest wishes, gentle Sighs,
Tell her she resistless wounds
With the Lightning of her Eyes!
Sweetly pleading Pity move!
Pleasing, painful God of Love!

3

Whilst for me you're fondly suing,
Gentle God of Love, beware!
Lest you meet your own undoing!
Flora's so divinely fair,
What if she thy self disarms?
She has more than Psyche's Charms.

Flute

A Favourite Aire in Alcina by Mr. Handel

Bird of may, leave the Spray, Leave the Spray, Bird of may, Fly to yr. Grove in my Luv.

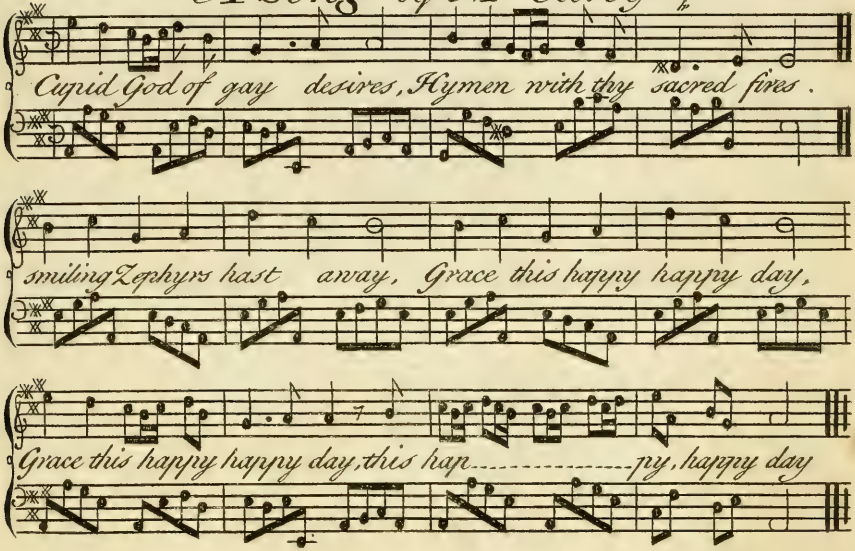
O there yr Dove slumbring lies, Warble an Air, Till yr Fair speaks a Passion in her Eyes.

But if my grief finds no relief, Whisper her yr They's dies, Bird of may, keep the Spray,

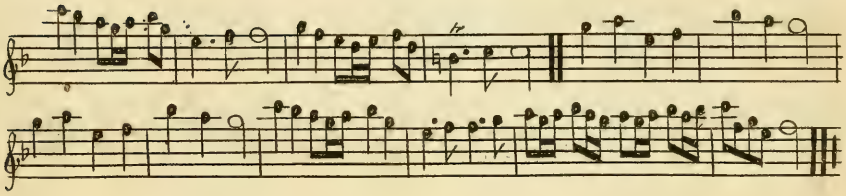
keep the Spray, Bird of may Chloe smiles, my Souls all gay, Chloe smiles-my Souls all gay

Flute

A Song by Mr Carey


Cupid God of gay desires, Hymen with thy sacred fires.
smiling Zephyrs hast away, Grace this happy happy day,
Grace this happy happy day, this hap----------py, happy day

Loves & Graces all attend,
All ye Nuptial Powrs befriend,
Make them your peculiar Care
Blefs the Hero blefs the Fair.

FLUTE

A Song. Set to Musick by Mr. Haynard

Too long thou tyrant love I've borne Belindas unrelenting scorn who
boasts her guarded breast Oh level now thy keenest dart that
in her cold obdurate heart thy pow'r may be confest

The pray'rs too Just to be deny'd
Behold 'tis done the God reply'd
The shaft has pierc'd her home
Thy pain now feeling in her own
She sighing cry's, in piteous moan
Come Philander come.

Flute

A Song by Mr. Brereton

When Chloe, fair, be---gins her Song, In rap-----tures motion-

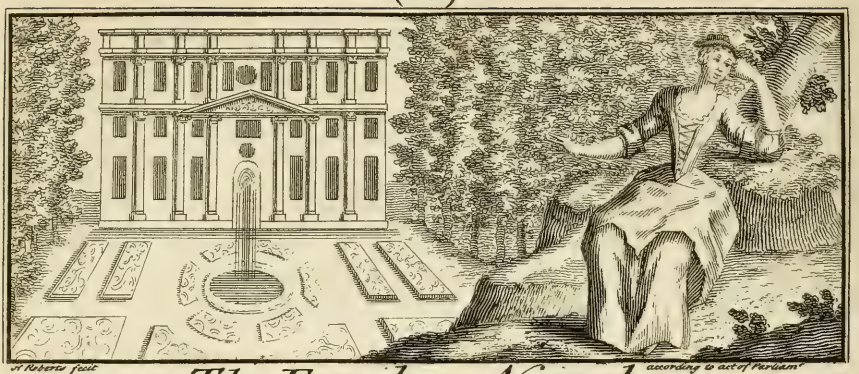
less I gaze; Thus could I stand, thus all day

long, Lost in a gid----------dy sweet a-----maze.

So when th'inchanting Syren sings,
The allured Mariner is wreckt:
Thus, whirling Gulphs attention bring,
And overwhelm what they attract.

Those very sounds that sweetly flow,
That soft, that lovely, tender breath,
Do pity, Joy compassion, show,
And who could e'er believe it Death

FLUTE



The Forsaken Nymph

Guardian angels now protect me, Send to me ye swain I love, Cupid tune thy bow direct me

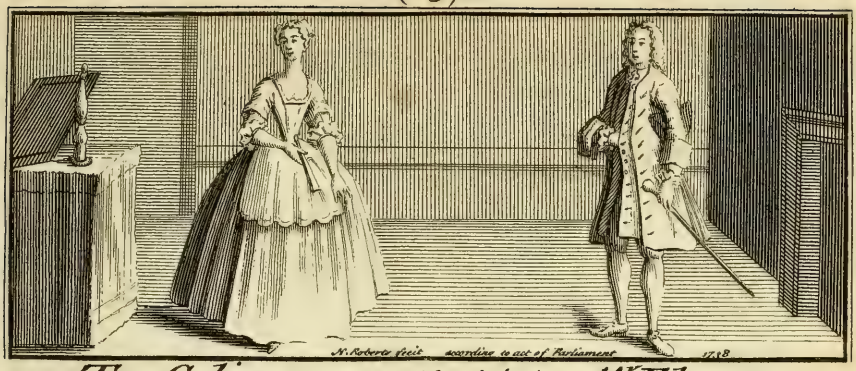
help me all ye powrs above. Bear him my Sighs ye gentle breezes, tell him I love & I despair,

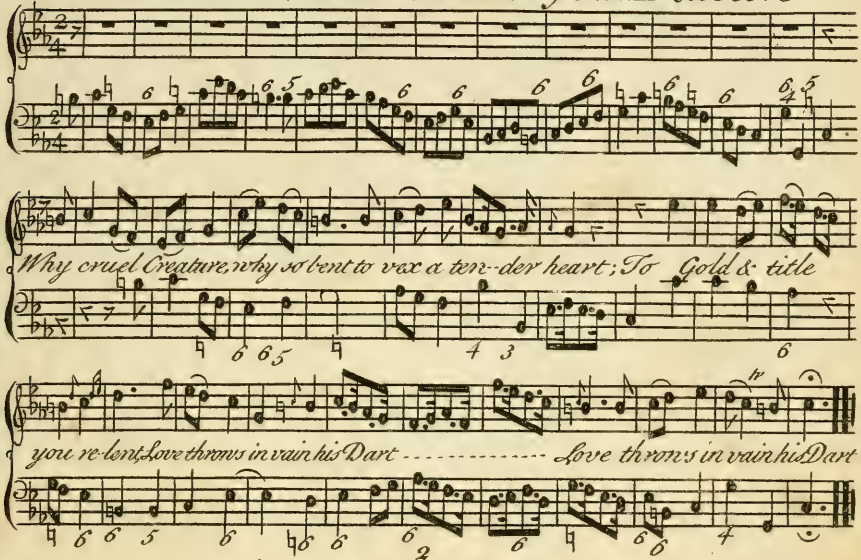
Tell him for him I grieve say 'tis for him I live, O may ye Shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady Grove I'll wander,
Silent as the Bird of Night,
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
First Leander bless'd my Sight.
Witness ye groves and falls of water,
Echo's repeat the vows he swore,
Can he forget me will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more.

Does he love & yet forsake me,
To admire a Nymph more fair,
If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair.
Some lonely Cave I'll make my dwelling,
Never more the cares of life pursue,
The lark & Philomel only shall hear me tell,
What bids me bid the world adieu.

Flute



To Celia, Set to Musick by M.r Flacton

Why cruel Creature, why so bent to vex a ten-der heart; To Gold & title
you re-lent, Love throws in vain his Dart ---------- Love throws in vain his Dart

2

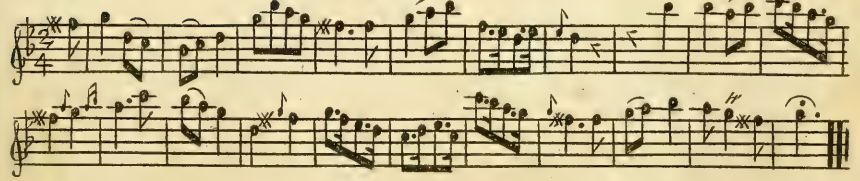
Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and Love.

3

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

4

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art:
Ah Celia! if true Love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

FLUTE

Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow

Happy's ye Love that meets return, When in soft Flames souls equal burn: But

words are wanting to discover, The tor--ments of a hopeless Lover

Ye registers of Heav'n, relate, If looking o'er the rolls of fate,

Did ye there see me mark'd as marrow, To Mary Scot the Flow'r of Yarrow

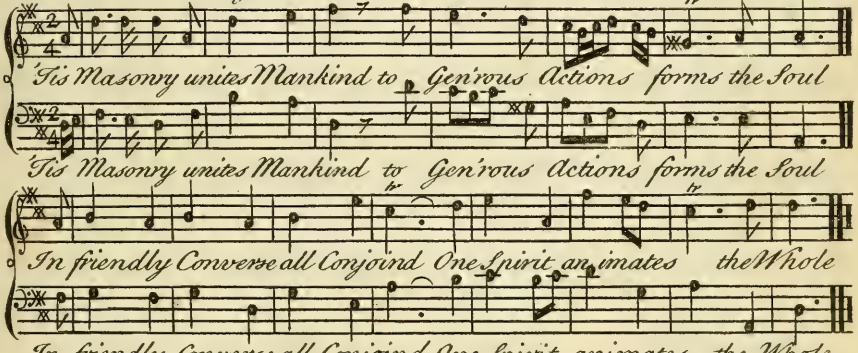
Ah no! her form's to heav'nly fair,
Her love the Gods above must share
While Mortals with despair explore her
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid, my doubts beguile!
Revive and bless me with a smile,
Alass if not you'll soon debar, a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguis,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success Crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the Sky,
When Mary Scot's become my marrow
We'll make a Paradice on Yarrow.

Flute

On Masonry A New Song

The Words by M.r Digby Cole, set to Musick by M.r Carey


'Tis Masonry unites Mankind to Gen'rous Actions forms the Soul
'Tis Masonry unites Mankind to Gen'rous Actions forms the Soul
In friendly Converse all Conjoind One Spirit animates the Whole
In friendly Converse all Conjoind One Spirit animates the Whole

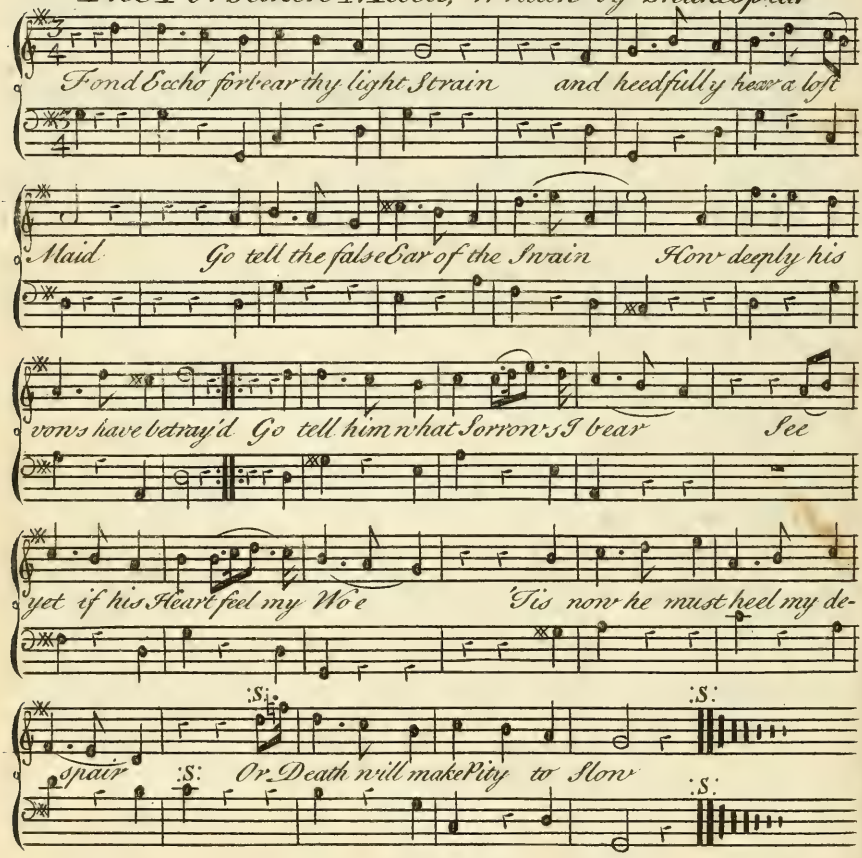
2
Where'er aspiring Domes arise,
Where ever sacred Altars stand,
Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,
Those Domes proclaim y.e Mason's hand.

3
As Passions rough the Soul disguise,
Till Science cultivates the Mind;
So the rude Stone unshapen lies,
Till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

4
Tho still our Chief Concern & Care,
Be to deserve a Brother's Name;
Yet ever mindful of the Fair
Their kindest Influence we claim.

5
Let wretches at our Manhood rail!
But they who once our Order prove,
Will own that we who build so well,
With equal Energy can Love

6
Sing Brethren then, the Craft divine!
(Best Band of Social Joy & Mirth)
With Choral Sound, & chearful Wine,
Proclaim it's Virtues o'er the Earth!

The Forsaken Maid, Written by Shakespear

Fond Echo forbear thy light Strain and heedfully hear a loft
Maid Go tell the falseEar of the Swain How deeply his
vows have betray'd Go tell him what Sorrows I bear See
yet if his Heart feel my Woe 'Tis now he must heel my de-
spair Or Death will make Pity to flow
:S:
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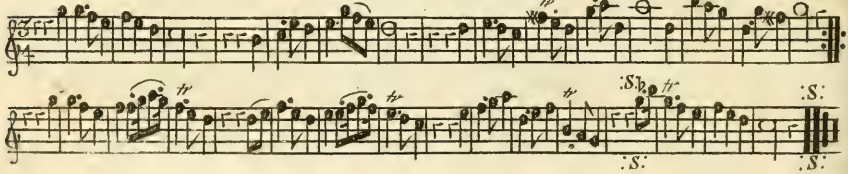
FLUTE

The Lovers Vow,

Set to Musick by Mr. Popely

Siciliana

No more shall Buds on branches spring Nor Violets paint the Grove; Nor warbling birds delight to Sing, If I forsake my Love. The sun shall cease to spread his Light, If stars their Orbits leave, And fair Creation sink in Night, When I my Dear deceive.

Flute

Siciliana

J.C. Roberts Fecit according to Act of parliam. 1738

My Jolly Companion

Symp:

Song

My Jolly Companion thou hast a good Face, thy Pimples are Glorious and

tr Symp:

Song

Symp:

Song

Sym

add to thy Grace

Proclaim thee Proclaim

Proclaim a

Symp:

merry brave rattle in Drink proclaim a merry brave rattle, in Drink not one of those fools

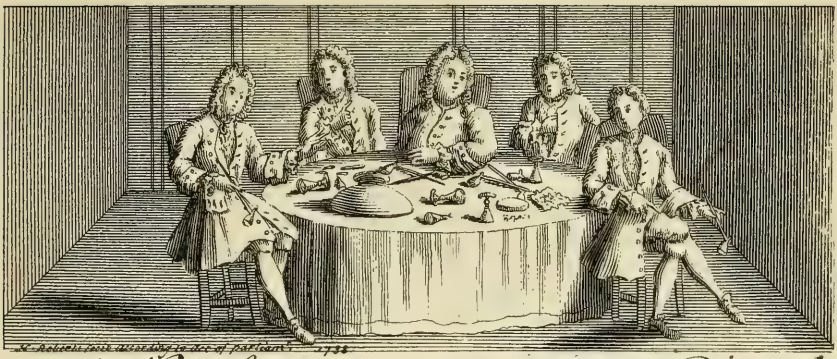
Song

Symp

not one of those Fools who've Leisure to think

Song

to Bacchus our master lets fill up the Bowl for



A New Song set to Musick by Mr. Digard

hes y. Director of Each quaffing Soul to Bacchus our Master lets fill up y. Bowl for he's y. Director of

Symp:

each quaffing Soul Commands y. brave tiplers & Governs y. Vine his Influence only can make our frontes shine

Song

then booze away

Symp: Symp: Song

topers then booze away topers y. Glasses turn down your Glasses turn

tr

down hey tiples y. most our Prince we will Crown will Crown

tr

he that Tiples the most our Prince we will Crown

The Bashful Swain, Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

Long have I lov'd een to Dessair; Yet ne'er durst onn it

to the Fair, Then gentle Cupid try thy Art,

And to her Soul my Love impart

1

Watch her when she is laid to Rest,
Then softly steal into her Breast;
Change all her Coldness in to Flame,
And kindly whisper her my Name.

2

Tell her the Pains which I endure,
Which she and only she can cure;
Do her once to pity move,
That she at last may Crown my Love.

3

Oh do but grant me this Request,
And I shall be so fully blest;
That all what Fate has else in Store
Who will may take, I'll ask no more.

Flute

The Wandring Lover. Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

Pensive alone the desart Plains I trace And slow and

ling'ring Step the measur'd Pace, My eyes I glance around with

jealous Fear To shun the Path where human Foot-steps

In vain I strive in Coverts to Conceal,
And hide from Man the Anguish that I feel;
Because my lifeless form & careless Mein,
Betray the flames which smother'd burn within

3
Ye Rocks! ye Hills! ye Streams & weeping flow!
Ye Groves & Valleys! ah too well ye know;
What with my Life I would a secret hold,
In vain for such a Passion must be told.

4
Long have I try'd, but should I always stray,
In worlds remote through every pathless way;
From all Mankind o'er Hill or Dale or Grove,
I cannot fly from the persuit of Love.

Flute

The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet Plain And Summer ap-
-proaching rejoyceth the Swain, The Yellow hair'd Laddie wou'd often times
go To wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow, Hawthorn-trees grow

2
There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Evning & Morn;
He sang with so saft and inchanting a Sound,
That Silvans and Fairies unseen dancd around.

3
The Shepherd thus sung. Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd with a Scornful proud Air;
But Susie was handsome and sweetly could sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfumd in the Spring.

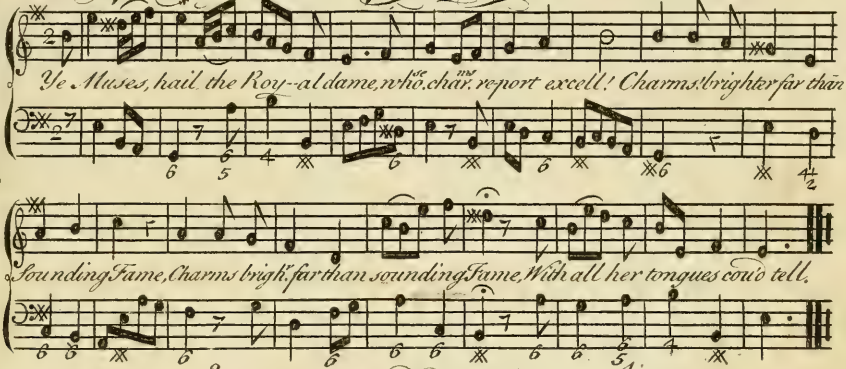
4
That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was inconstant and never spoke Truth
But Susie was faithful, good humourd & free,
And fair as the Godess who sprung from the Sea.

5
That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great Dowr,
Was awkwardly airy and frequently sowr:
Then sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his Mistress might be.

Flute

O
10.

The Words by Mr. Stephen Duck Presented in Richmond Gardens to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES


Ye Muses, hail the Roy-al dame, whose char. report excell! Charms brighter far than
Sounding Fame, Charms brighter far than sounding Fame, With all her tongues could tell.

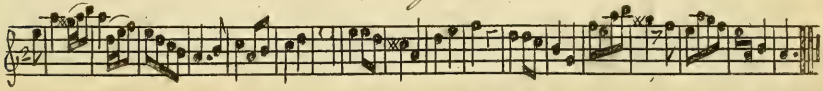
2
O glorious Prince Britannia's Pride,
Welcome to Richmond's Seats,
Where Nature proud to please ye Bride,
Displays her choicest Sweets

3
See! fragrant Beauties deck the Green,
The Branches bloom Delight;
Gay Flora paints the verdant Scene,
To charm your Consort's sight.

4
Hear! how ye feather'd warbling throng
Congratulate your Fair!
Not more melodious was their Song,
To the first wedded Pair.

5
That Pair in Eden, ne'er repos'd
Where Groves more lovely grew
Those Groves in Eden ne'er inclos'd
A lovelier Pair than You.

You! happier than the former Two,
Have Noblez Tasks assign'd;
'Twas theirs to Curse the World but You
Were born to bless Mankind.

Flute

H. Roberts fc.

Cupid and Venus

Cupid & Venus one day strove to War - - - - - - - - - - m Amintors heart

and give him all the Joys of Love the Joy - - - - - - - - - s with out the Smart,

Says Venus then let Evry Maid be - - stow be - stow a fav'rite Grace,

No mamma Cupid smileing smileing said let's shew him Celia's Face.

Flute

H. Roberts Inv. et fecit

Publish'd according to act of Parliam.t 1738

A Song

Long from y.e force of Beautys charms long have I wander'd free. en-dur'd no

Grief felt no allarms, reserv'd to fall re

serv'd to fall to fall by thee.

2

Thou fair one thou alone canst move,
This passion in my Breast,
Thou thou alone canst teach me Love;
O teach me to be Blest.

3

In safety thus from all Allarms,
The roving Turtle flyes,
Till some unerring hand conveys;
The Shaft by which he dies.

Flute

N. Roberts fecit

Castalio's Complaint

according to Act of Parliam.

Not too fast

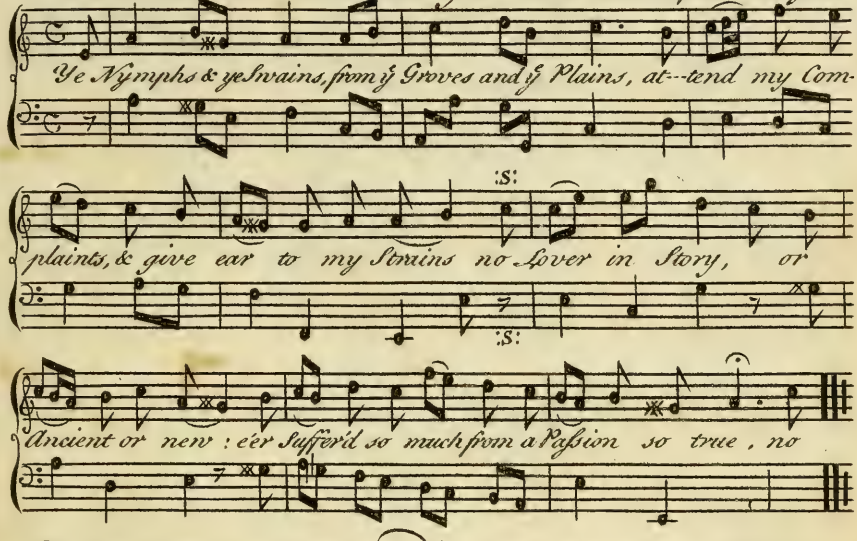
set to Musick by Mr. Boyce

Come all ye Youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel Beauty's Pride; Bring each a
Garland on your head, Let none his Sorrows hide: But hand in hand a-round me
move Singing y^e sad-dest tales of Love, And see when your complaints ye
join, If all your wrongs, If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew;
Pity the pain of which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate, & shun her snares

FLUTE

The Insensible Mistress set to Musick by M.r Gouge

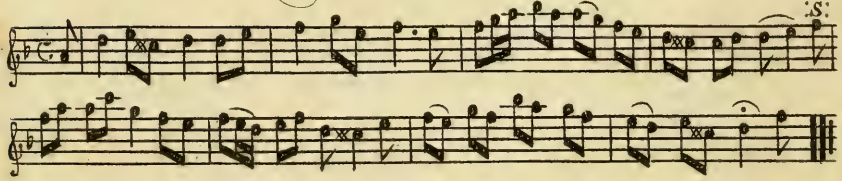

Ye Nymphs & ye Swains, from y Groves and y Plains, at---tend my Com-
plaints, & give ear to my Strains no Lover in Story, or
Ancient or new : e'er Suffer'd so much from a Passion so true, no

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind,
To love seems averse, to my friendship inclind;
She smiles when I'm gay, n.r I sigh she looks grave,
She admits me her friend, but disowns me her slave.

I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail?
I fall at her feet, but alas 'tis vain all:
She wonders why trembling I sigh & complain,
And pities my case while she laughs at my Pain.

A bosom so frozen what Lover can bear
Then say O ye Pow'rs! shall I hope or despair?
Or fly to a warmer and kinder than she:
Who'll soon ease my Pains, & as soon set me free

Flute



The Words by Mr. Phillips to a Minuet of Mr. Handells

Clo-e when I view'd, & Smi-ling Joys celestial round me move, Pleasing Vi-sions

Care begui-ling guard my State & Crown my Love To behold Thee gay ly shining

is a Plea-sure past defi-ning every Feature charms my sight But O heav'ns when

I'm caress-ing thrilling Raptures never cea-sing fill my soul with soft Delight;

Oh thou lovely dearest Creature,
Sweet Enslaver of my heart,
Beauteous Master piece of Nature,
Cause of all my Joy and smart,
In thy Arms enfolded lay me.

To dissolving Bliss convey me,
Softly sooth my Soul to Rest,
Gently kindly Oh my Treasure,
Bless me let me dye with Pleasure,
On thy Panting Snowy Breast.

Flute

A Song, *Set to Musick by Mr. Ravenscroft*

Foolish Woman fly mens Charms fly their cringing fly their arms.

For should you by chance comply, 'tis not they but you must dye.

Rondo

Men with pleasure soon are cloy'd,
And forsake you when enjoy'd.
Strive their winning arts to shun,
If you slight them they're undone.

When that you them over Pow'r,
Reserve your self untill the Hour,
Of ye Matrimonial Noose,
Then false men you may abuse

Flute

A Song,

Set to Musick by Mr. Kempton

Wanton Cupid cease to hover, thus around the Smileing fair;
you exclude a faithful Lover, with your too officious care:
whispring breezes hast begone, to some remo--ter Silent Grove;
& leave Allexis here alone, to tell a Thousand tales of Love.

How I'm charm'd with ev'ry Feature,
That adorns her lovely Face;
How she's ev'ry thing that Nature,
Can ere give with ev'ry grace:
If she listens to my story,
And for me have equal Love;
I'll not envy humane Glory,
But be blest as those Above.

Flute

11.

accordg. to Act of Parliam.t

H. Roberts fecit

The Northern Lass

Set to Musick by M.r W.m Fisher of Hereford

Come take your Glass y.e Northern Lass so Prittily Advis'd I drank her health & really

was Agreeably Surprizid her shape so neat her voice so sweet her Air & Mein so

free the Syren Charm'd me from my meat but take your Drink said She .

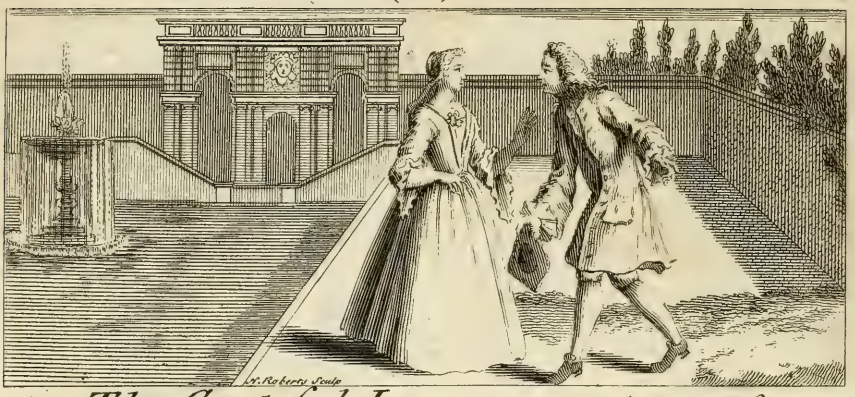
2

If from the North Such Beauty Comes
How is it that I feel
Within my Breast that Glowing flame
No Tongue can e'er reveal
Tho Cold and Raw the North wind blows
All Summer's on her Breast
Her Skin was like the driven Snow
But Sunshine all the rest

3

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt
Tho frozen now it Seems
That Joy with Pain be equal felt
And ballanc'd in Extreams
Then like our genial Wine She'll charm
With Love my panting Breast
Mc. like our Sun her Heart shall warm
– Be – Ice to all the rest

Flute



The Grateful Lover, Set to Musick by Mr. Gunn

Largo

False tho' she be to me and Love, I'll never pursue Re-

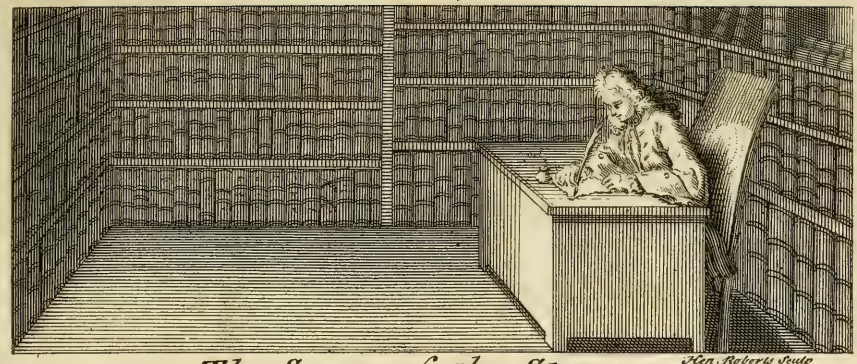
venge For still ye. Charmer I approve, Tho' I deplore re her Change

Allegro

In hours of bliss we oft have met tho could not always last

And tho' ye. Present I regret I'm grateful for ye. past I'm grateful for the past.

Flute



Hen. Roberts Sculp

The Syren of the Stage

Little Syren of the Stage, Charmer of our Idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,

wan-ton tale of fond desire. Bane of ev'ry manly Art, sweet enfeebler of the Heart,

Oh! how pleasing is thy strain, hence to Southern Climes again, Oh! how pleasing is thy strain,

hence to Southern climes again hence to Southern climes again tuneful mischief, vo-cal spell,

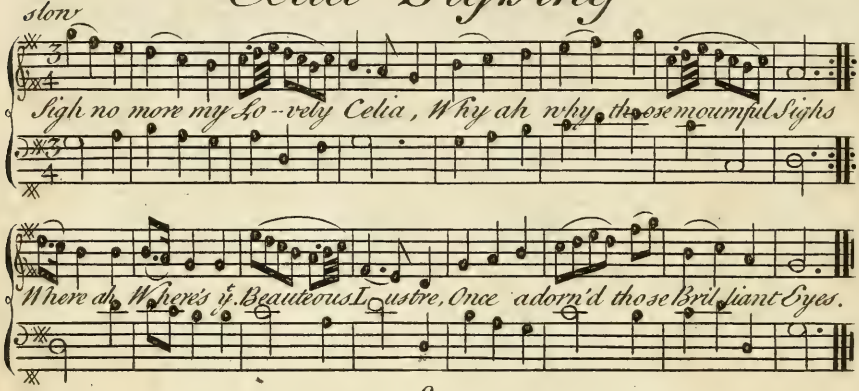
To this Island bid farewell, leave us, as we ought to be, leave if Britons rough & free.

Flute

accord.g to Act of Parliam.t

K. Roberts fecit

Celia Sighing


slow
Sigh no more my Lo--vely Celia, Why ah why these moumful Sighs
Where ah Where's thy Beauteous Lustre, Once adorn'd those Brilliant Eyes.

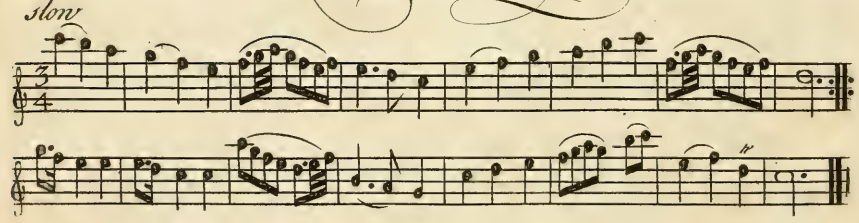
2

See how briny floods o'erwhelme them,
Breaking on the blushing Shore,
And like Summer's dew on Lillies
Decks the Bosom I adore.

3

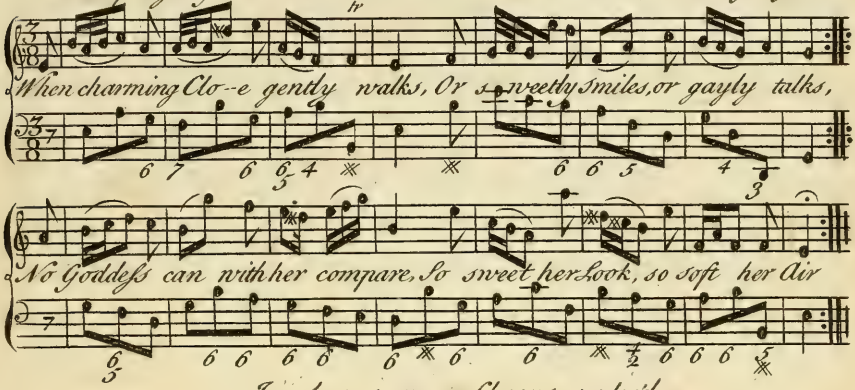
Flow'rs that's form'd by Nature drooping,
Yet their fragrant O'dours rise:
And my Celia tho she's weeping
Hath those charms she can't disguise.

Flute.



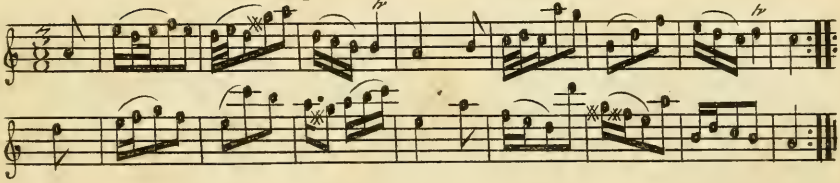
Charming Cloe

The Words by Mr. Jersey — Set to Musick by Mr. Gladwin


When charming Clo-e gently walks, Or sweetly smiles, or gayly talks,
No Goddess can with her compare, So sweet her Look, so soft her Air

In whom so many Charms are placid
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd,
With sparkling Wit and solid Sence
And soft persuasive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
That we in Cloe's form should find,
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

Flute.

H. Roberts Sculp

The Amorous Protestation set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

How can I well describe the joy, When first I set my Eyes On one who only could employ, my thou'ts in great Surprize Charming face love exciteing comely Grace all delighting who can look on one so fair, And not the force of Love declare

But when I labour'd to address
The Tenour of my Suit;
Fear did my faultring speech oppress,
And I continu'd mute:
But my smart more abounded:
Cupids Dart has me wounded;
And I longer can't conceal
The Anguish for your sake I feel

Yet if you disregard my Pain,
I bid this World adieu;
For all my hopes of Life are vain,
If not Sustaind by you;
With disdain do not grieve me:
See my Pain & relieve me;
Sure you can't severely treat,
A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the fair
Inseperably Joyn
To extricate from deep Despair
Such amrous Hearts as mine:
Sweet replys, kind behavour;
Pleasing Eyes gentle Favour:
Are what Lovers must implore,
Or else they can exist no more.

FLUTE

The Swain's Complaint

Set to Musick by M.r Monro

H. Roberts Sculp.

Slow

Ah! stay ye wanton Gales & lend a Friendly moment to my Tale, to the dear Nymph my

Sorrows send in tend'rest Sighs if. can prevail In secret Murmurs Oh convey what Love sug

gests in sad distress and let her know if. ery way she Slights if. Swain she ought to Bless.

2

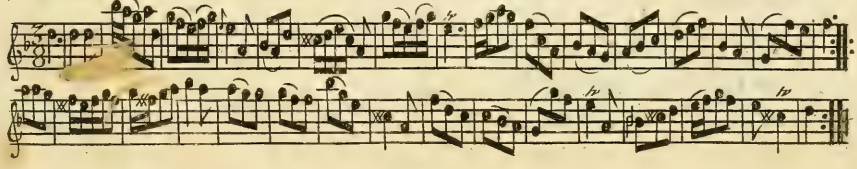
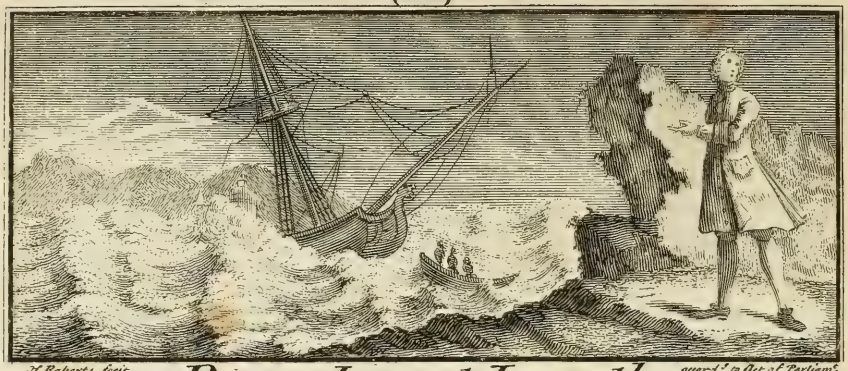
Or if the winds refuse to bear,
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid:
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And guard my Heart from being betray'd.
Propitious Heav'n! direct my steps
To the Bless'd Mansion where my Dear,
Each day she wakes each night she sleeps,
With pitty may my Passion hear.

3

Within her downy Arms Embrac't,
I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare,
My Lipps sealid to her fragrant Breast,
O'erflowing blessings let me share:
Or should the Deities refuse,
Immediate aid to my request,
Her let me not for ever lose,
But soon or late let me be Blest.

4

In pleasing Dreams let tender Love
Invade her sleep & let her know,
O Cupid and Almighty Jove;
How much for her I undergo.
On her lov'd Bosom Night and Day,
Where interruption finds no Rest;
There let me breathe my Soul away,
And bid adieu to Human Race!

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

Peggy I must Love thee

accord.g to Act of Parliam.t

As from a Rock past all Relief, The Shipwrackt Colin spying, His native Soil o'ercome with Grief, Half sunk in waves & dying; With the next morning Sun he spyes A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise, New life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with Joy, & waits her Motion.

2

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted
How with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in Peggy's Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But Virtue more engaging.

3

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We lose our selves in staying;
I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,
Why should we happy Minuets lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee

4

Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem it a Lovers duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
False Betty's Charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

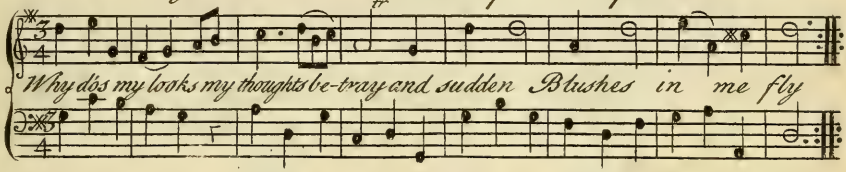
Flute

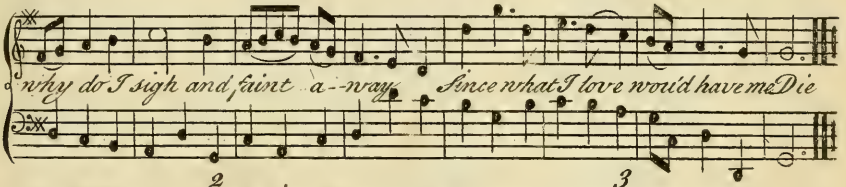
H. Roberts fecit

according to Act of Parliam.t 1738

The Betray'd Maid

by M.r W.m Fisher of Hereford





2

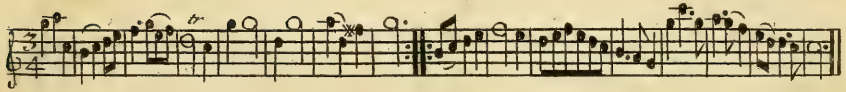
Could I but once on him Prevail
To mingle with his Joy my smart
That he might feel what non I ail
But I'm to young to shew such Art.

3

Attractive Cupid be my Care
A look with Pity on my Flame
Oh! break the Chains y.t non I ware
Or bind A mintor in the same.

4

Hast to thy Mother tell my Grief
To help a harmless injur'd Maid
That she may quickly send Relief
And save a Heart that is betray'd.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

Sad Musidora

slow

Sad Musidora all in Woe a Silent Grotto seeks, no more her

Self on Plains does show but sighing thus she speaks: Why was I born

of high degree? An humble Shepherdess had been much happier

far for me than all this gau---------dy dress

A Sumptious palace full of Joy
To me a dungeon is
And all that Mirth does me annoy
Which others count for Bliss
Then lost in Grief the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng
And on a Bank reclin'd her head
While tears ran trickling down

Flute

slow

K. Roberts fecit

Florella

Why will Florella when I gaze my ravish'd eyes reprove And
chide them from the on---ly Face they can be hold with Love. To
shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind And
while I range from Fair to Fair, still gentle u---sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy
Where Nature has no part
New beauties may my Eyes employ
But you engage my Heart
So restless exiles as they roam
Meet pity ev'ry where
But languish for their native home
Tho Death attends them there.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

A Message from Mars to Venus

Set to Musick by Mr. Monro

Thou little blind deceiver go and tell thy beautious Mother a strong resentment I will

show since she since she does love another Thou little blind deceiver

go, a strong resentm.t I will show since she does love another a stro

ng resentm.t I will show since she, since she does love another.

2

All tho' her face & shapes divine,
Yet I can still withstand her;
I'll make the sporting youth repine,
And show him I'm Commander.

3

And if true love has no effect,
On that delightful treasure;
The power I have I'll not neglect,
But seize her at my pleasure.

Flute

sym

The Surprize

Affetuoso

Once fair Se-re-na panting lay wth thought of lo-----ve oppreſt hoping ye Slumber

might al-lay the fe-ver in --------her Breast her sleeping sence at last was Caught &

Slumber soon made known yt, transports she enjoy'd in thought she Wa-----keing durst not own

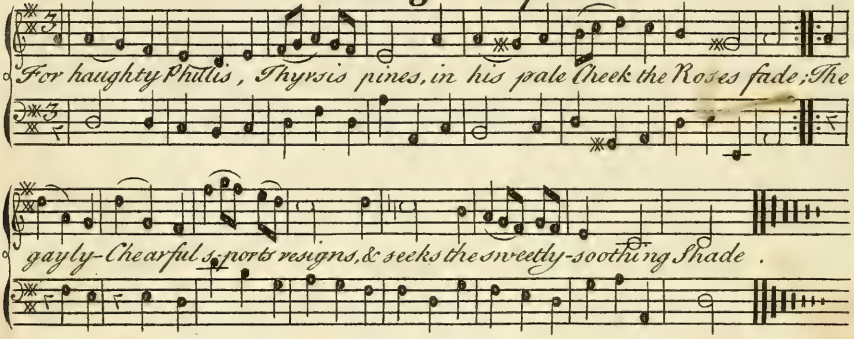
Smiling she lay with longing Arms
Grasping the fleeting Air,
Melting with thousand amorous Charms
Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
Her swain surpriz'd to hear her tongue,
And all her Love repeat,
Strait in her arms light'ning flew,
Her wishes to Compleat

The Maid asham'd to be thus Caught,
Sight blush't and strove to rise
Accusing that her Swain was naught,
Her Vertue to Surprize;
She vow'd by all the Gods above,
Her scorn she would not hide,
But melting with rapturous Love
The Nymph forgot to Chide.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

The Tatling Shepherd


For haughty Phillis, Thyrsis pines, in his pale Cheek the Roses fade; The
gayly-Chearful Sports resigns, & seeks the sweetly-soothing Shade.

2

Now by the Stream supine he lies,
Or o'er the Mead does frantic stray,
Or to the Rocky Mountain hies,
As Love directs the various way,

3

To Groves to Streams to Wilds alone
The fire that thrills his veins reveals
Nor to the Rock pours forth his moan
Since babling Eccho ne'er conceals

4

At length the Nymph for Thyrsis burns
And cools his Swift consuming flame
Pleas'd Thyrsis smiles sad Phillis mourns
And rising blushes speak her shame

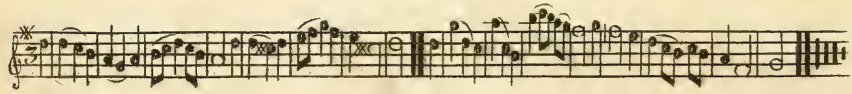
5

To mute abodes the perjur'd Youth,
No more repeats a Passion feign'd;
The Village rings with the sad Truth
For Thyrsis boasts a Conquest gain'd.

6

If only to the field or Stream,
When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,
Had Thyrsis told the Golden Dream,
Then Phillis had not been displeas'd.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

according to Act of Parliament

Dying Swan

affettuoso

'Twas on a Rivers verdant Side, Just at the Close of Day a

dying Swan with Musick try'd to Chase her cares away.

2

And though she ne'er had stretch't her throat
Nor tun'd her Voice before;
Death ravish't with so sweet a Note,
Awhile the Stroke forbore

3

Farewel she cry'd you Silver Streams
Ye purling Streams adieu;
Where Phœbus us'd to dart her beams
And blest both me and You.

4

Farewel the tender whistling reeds,
Soft scenes of happy Love;
Farewel ye bright enamel'd meads,
Where I was us'd to rove

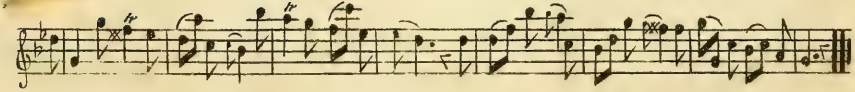
5

No more with you may I converse
See yonders setting Sun
Attend whilst I my last rehearse
And then I must be gone.

6

Weep not my tender constant Mate
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind decree of Fate,
And I with pleasure go.

FLUTE



H. Roberts Sculp.

Love is the cause of my Mourning

By a murmuring Stream a fair shepherdess lay be so kind, O ye Nymphs To times heard her say tell Strephon I

dye if he passes this way, & if love is the cause of my mourn-ings false shepherds tell me of Beauty &

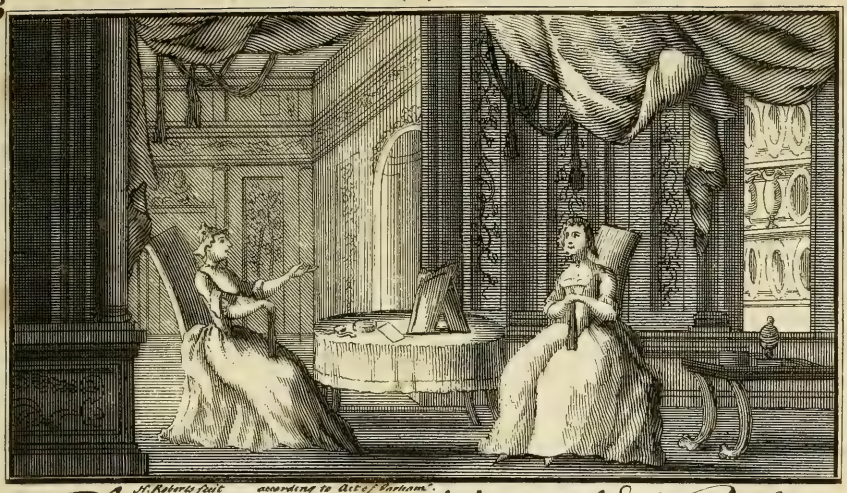
cha. you deceive me for Strephon's cold heart never warms yet bring me this Strephon let me dye in his Arms, Oh Strephon the

cause of my mourn-ing. But first he said she let me go down to ye Shades below Ere ye le Strephon know I have

Will him so then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show That love was the cause of my mourn---ing

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by
He thought she'd been sleeping & softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh Heavens did he cry
Ah Chloris the cause of my mourning.
Restore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your Art;
They sighing reply'd 'twas your self shot the Dart
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess heart

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning,
Ah then is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me? He said,
I'll follow thee, chast Maid,
Down to the silent shade
Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.



The Modest Petition A New Song

The words by M.r Tho.s Phillips. Set to Musick by M.r Boyce

How wretched is a Maiden's fate when love invades her Heart In secret she de-

plores her state nor dares reveal the smart If love a Shepherds breast engage no nicer forms res

train Renvos he sighs & sighs asuage y.e agonizing pa---in the agonizing Pain.

We born to Love and be be lov'd
A fate like Echo's try
Ah worse! for when we're strongest movd
We hesitate and dye
Then point out Love, the happy way
To make our wishes known;
Our hearts uncensur'd to display,
And all thy rigour own.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

A Song

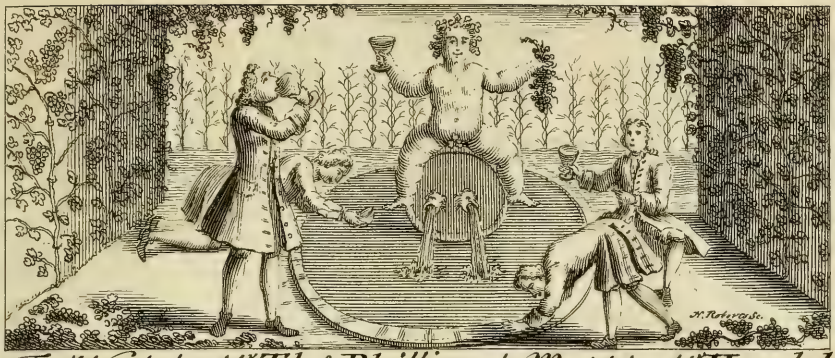
How dully wise the grave disdain the Pleasing Passion Love; Out grown all sence of
How dully wise the grave disdain the pleasing Passion Love; Out grown all sence of
Joys and pain by artless spleen they move. I'll Nature sits in Judgments place n^r.
Joys and pain by artless spleen they move. I'll Nature sits in Judgments place n^r.
Love like mine they blame who can ỹ. gloving heart but praise n^r. Merit makes the Flame
Love like mine they blame who can ỹ. gloving heart but praise n^r. Merit makes the Flame

Like them but sway'd by Reasons Rule,
Amaz'd I view the weak;
Who learning love in folly's School,
Mistake the Blys they seek.
Too oft alas! the face thats fair,
With faind good Humour gay;
Conceals the Soul thats insincere,
And Clouds the promiss'd Day.

To her my heart its Homage owes,
On true Desert Intent,
Whose Sence of Natures Blessing goes,
No further than Content.
Such beauty Time it self shall spare,
Or what that loss supplies;
Virtue shall make her Reasons care,
And Cheat the Lovers Eyes.

Her face imperfect Conquest made,
And could but greatly charm;
Her mind the subtile fire Conveys,
With which my Soul is warm;
Then guildless let me hope the Flame
May reach at last so far;
To catch the Cause from whence it came,
And bless a faithful Pair.

Flute



The Words by M.r Thos. Phillips, the Musick by M.r Handel

Bacchus one day gay-ly striding, on his never failing Ton;
Sneaking A-quapotes de-riding thus adress'd each Toaping Son:
Praise ye. Joys that never vary, and A----dore the Liquid Shrine;
All things ho-ble, Bright & airy, are performd by Gen'rous Wine

Pristine Heros crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble rise to me;
Homer wrote the flaming Story
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my influence is wanting
Musicks charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals! this way bend your Eyes
From my ever flowing Treasure,
Charming Scenes of bliss arise;
Here's the soothing Balmy blessing
Sole dispeller of all pain;
Gloomy Souls from care releasing
He who drinks not, lives in vain

Flute

A Roberts Sculp

The Despairing Lover

Viol: Unis

Affettuoso

A - Invain of love despairing thus n aild his cruel

Fate his grief the Shepherds sharing in cir-cles round him sate the Nimphs in kind com-

passion the luckless Lover mourn'd all who had heard his Passion A sigh for sigh re-

for

turn'd

pia

for

Viol: 2 do

O friends your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear;
Should Cloe but discover,
Forme you'd shed a tear,
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue:
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue

Her chains such force discover,
Resistance is in vain:
Spight of yourself you'll love her,
And hug the galling chain;
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart,
She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a heart

But oh! one more deserving
Has tan'd her frozen breast
Her heart to him devoting
She's Cold to all the rest;
Their love with joy abounding
The thought distracts my brain
O cruel Maid then sounding
He fell upon the Plain

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

The Happy Inconstant

Happy the youthful Swain, that feels no Lovesick Smart;
But without Grief or Pain, can win a Virgins Heart:
Happy beyond expressing is he who can ob---tain
that most transporting Blessing which others seek in vain.

Love and the Graces smiling,
In all his Actions meet;
Cupid the fair beguiling,
Still makes his Conquest sweet;
Love is his only Treasure,
Beauty his only Gain;
Ever he finds the Pleasure,
But never feel the Pain.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

Celia's Conquest.

Slow

Whilst Ce-li-a's Eyes my heart sub-dues, I listning blest her tuneful tongue

But doom'd my ruin to Pur-sue I sigh'd & beg'd the Fa-tal So-

ng. I sigh'd and beg'd the fa-tal Song

The heavenly sounds my Sence oppress'd,
My fluttrin heart, forgot to beat:
The Sighs forsook my heaving breast,
I sunk and fainted at her feet.
I sunk &c.

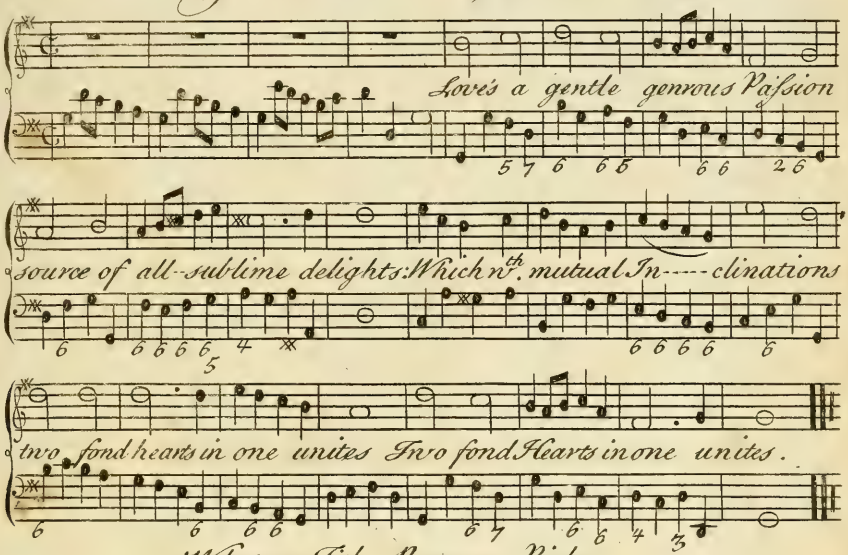
She smil'd to see her conquest sure,
Whilst I insensibly Revive:
Yes vains ne'er wonder at the Cure,
'Tis in her Smiles alone I live,
'Tis &c.

Flute

Slow

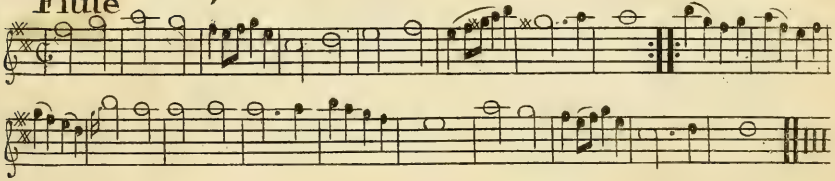
H. Roberts Sculp.

Gen'rous Love.


Love's a gentle genrous Paſsion
source of all-sublime delights: Which nth. mutual In-----clinations
two fond hearts in one unites Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles Pomp, or Riches,
If compar'd with true content;
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent,
When &c.

Lawleſs paſsions bring vexation,
But a chas and constant Love;
Is a glorious Emulation,
Of the Bliſsful state above,
Of the &c.

Flute

J. Roberts Sculp

John Hay's Bonny Lassie

By smooth winding Tay a Swain was reclining, Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I still live

pining my self thus a---way and darna discover to my bonny Hay that I am her

Lover? Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger, if she's not my bride my days are nae

langer; then I'll take a heart and try at a venture may be eer nae part my vows may content her

She's fresh as the Spring & sweet as Aurora,
When Birds mount & sing bidding day a good morrow,
The sward of the Mead enamell'd with Daisies:
Look withered and dead when twin'd of her Graces.
But if she appear where verdures invite her;
The fountains run clear & Flowers smell the sweeter,
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles & bright Eye set my spirits a glowing.
The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck Dumb with amaze my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear Maid, to Care's ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny Lassie.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

The Confession A New Song, Set to Musick by Mr. Freind

Slow

Wherever I am & what ever I do My Phillis is still in my mind When angry I

mean not to Phillis to go, my Feet of themselves the way find, Unknown to my self I am

just at her Door and when I would rail I can bring out no more Than Phillis the Fair & unkind.

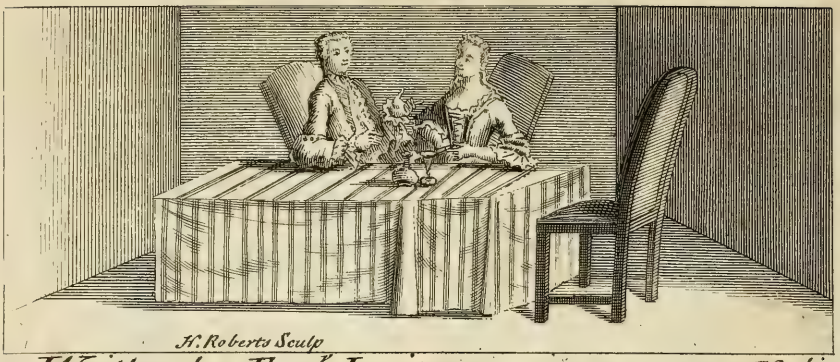
When Phillis I see my heart bounds in my breast
And the Love I would stifle is shown
But, asleep or awake, I am never at rest
When from my Eyes Phillis is gone
Sometimes a sad dream deludes my sad mind
But alass, when I wake, & no Phillis find
How I sigh to my self all alone

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He shou'd offer his treasure in vain
O let me alone to be Happy and poor
And give me my Phillis again
Let Phillis be mine & for ever be kind,
I cou'd to a Desart with her be confin'd
And envy no monarch his Reign

Alass! I discover too much of my Love
And she too well knows her own Pow'r
She makes me each day a Martyrdom prove
And makes me grow jealous each hour
But let me each minute torment my poor mind
I had rather love Phillis both false & unkind
Than ever be freed from her Power

Flute

Slow



H. Roberts Sculp

Written by Esq.r Jenings set to Musick by Mr. Hawkins

As Northern winds y.other Day, The frozen Globe had bound, Julia & I went

forth to Play Julia & I went forth to Play when snow conceald y. Ground: Julia &

I went forth to Play Julia & I went forth to Play nr. snow conceald the Ground

White as her hand the wanton threw,
A ball of silver snow:
The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love whose dire command
Can thus a snow-ball arm;
When sent fair Julia from thy hand,
Ev'n Ice it self can warm

How shou'd we then secure our Hearts
Loves pow'r we all must feel;
Who thus can by strange Magick Art,
In Ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone fair Julia, know,
Canst quench my fierce desire;
But not with water, Ice, nor snow,
But with an equal Fire.

FLUTE

The Doubtful Shepherd set to Musick by Mr. Holcombe

When Delia on the Plain ap--pears, Awe'd by a thou-sand

tender Fears, I would ap-proach, but dare not move Tell me my heart if

this be Love Tell me tell me my Heart if this be Love

When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,
No other Wit but her's approve,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c

If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant Enemy I prove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c.

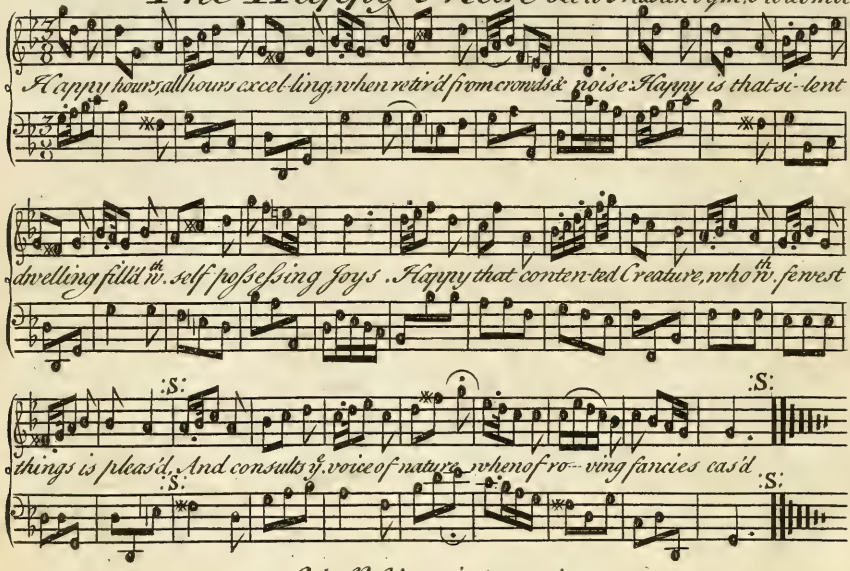
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring or shady Grove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c

When arm'd with Insolent disdain
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love &c.

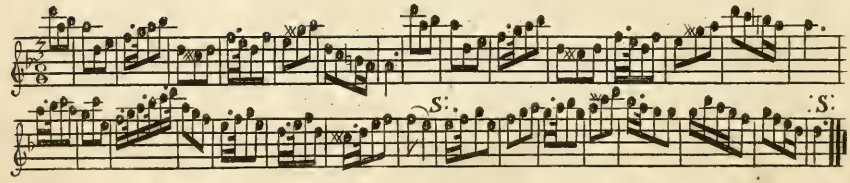
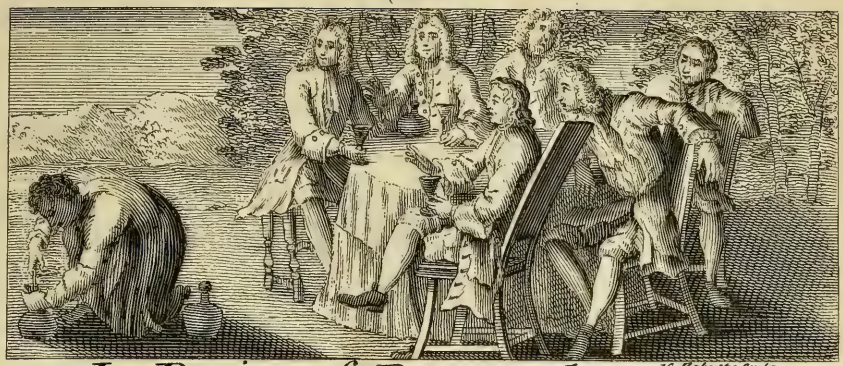
Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

The Happy Man Set to Musick by Mr. Holcombe


Happy hours, all hours excelling, when retir'd from crowds & noise Happy is that silent
dwelling fill'd with self possessing Joys Happy that contented Creature, who th'wi'nest
things is pleas'd, And consults y^e voice of nature, when of roving fancies cas'd
S:
S:
S:
S:

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
Just as Reason turns the Scale;
Ev'ry state of Life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail:
Happy man, who thus possesses,
Life with some Companion dear;
Joys imparted, still increases,
Griefs when told, soon disappear

Flute



In Praise of Burgundy By Mr. Thos Phillips

Hail Burgundy thou Juice divine inspirer of my Song; if praises given to other wine to the a-

lone belong. Of manly wit & female charms th' cause if upon't improve; care of its sting, thy balm dis-

arms & makes us blest as Jove Care of its sting thy balm disarms, & makes us blest as Jove

Bright Phœbus on the Parent vines
From whence thy Current streams
Smiling amongst the Tendrils shines
And lavish darts his Beams
The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire
And all his Power retain
With the same warmth our Brains inspire
And lead the Sprightly Strain!

2

The Stoick prone to Thought intense
Thy softness can unbend
A chearfull Gaiety dispense
And make him taste a Friend
His brow grows clear, he feels content
Forgets his pensive Strife
And well concludes our span well spent
In honest social Life

3

From Thee fair Cloe's potent Eye
New sparkling Beams receives
Her cheeks imbibe a rosie Dye
New heat her Bosom heaves
Summond to Love by thy Alarms
Oh with what nervous Heat
Worthy the Maid, we fill her Arms
How oft that Love repeat?

5

Even Fops, — those doubtfull gender things,
So fond of selves and Dress
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From sense — Thy Power confess;
Each foolish puling Maudlin Face
That dares but deeply drink
Forgets his Cue and Stiff Grimace
Grows free, and seems to think

Flute

The Miller of Mansfield

H. Roberts Sculp.

Set to musick by Mr. Arne

How happy a state does ye Miller posses, Who would be no greater nor fain to be less, On his

Mill & himself he depend for support wch is better than servilely cringing at Court What tho' he all dusty and

white it does go, the more he's be pow'der'd ye more like a Beau a Clown in this dress will be home ster far than a

Courtier who sports in a garter & Star, than a Courtier who struts in his garter & Star.

Tho' his hands are, I own, daub'd they're not fit to be seen
The hands of his betters are not very clean,
A Palm more Polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to ye fingers like meal.
What if when a pudding for dinner he lacks
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's Bags

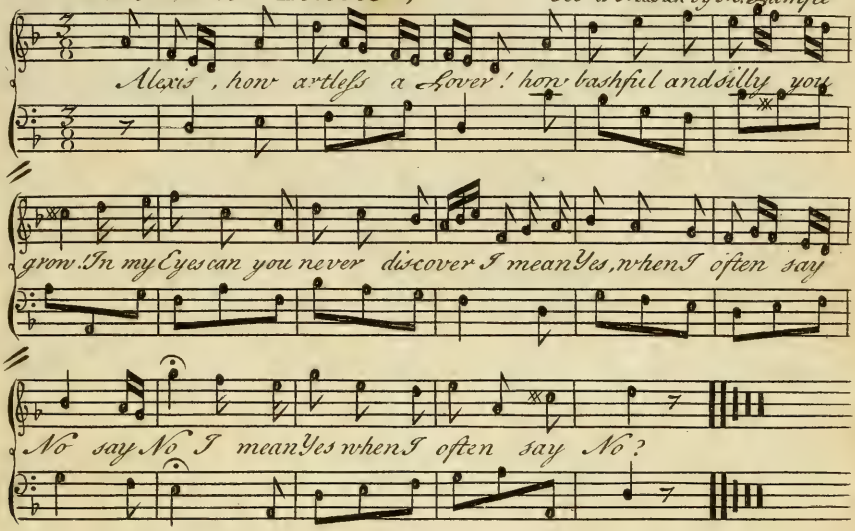
Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate
In this to he mimicks ye Tools of the state
Whose aim is alone their Coffers to fill
As all his concern is to bring grist to his mill
He Eat's when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry
And down when he's weary contented does lye,
Then rises up chearful to work & to sing,
If so happy a Mill then who'd be a King.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit

Silvia to Alexis,

Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe


Alexis, how artless a Lover! how bashful and silly you
grow. In my Eyes can you never discover I mean Yes, when I often say
No say No I mean Yes when I often say No?

2

When you pine & you whine out y^r passion
And only entreat for a Kiss,
To be coy, and deny is the Fashion,
Alexis should ravish the Bliss.

3

In love as in War it's but Reason
To make some Defence for the Town,
To surrender without it were Treason,
Before that the outworks were won.

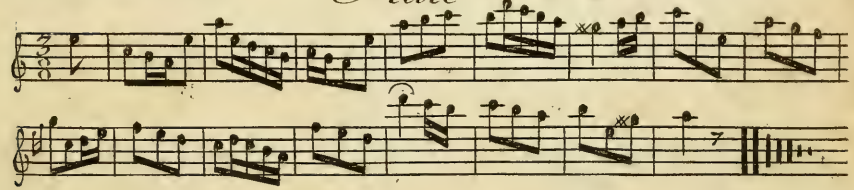
4

If I frown, it's my Blushes to cover,
It's for Honour & Modesty sake;
He is but a Pityful Lover
Who is foiled by a single Attack

5

But when we by force are o're-power'd
The best & the bravest must yield;
I am not to be won by a Coward
Who hardly dares enter the field.

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp

A Scotch Dialogue

Mither

There's Auld Rob Moris that wins in yon Glen, He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of auld Men, He has fourscore of black Sheep & fourscore too; And Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

Doughter 2

Pray ha'd your tongue mither & let y'abee,
For his Eild & my Eild will never agree:
They'll never agree & that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, & I'm but Fifteen.

Mither 3

Then had your tongue Doughter & lay by y'pride,
For he's be the Brides room, & ye's be the Bride;
He shall lye by your side, & kiss you two,
Auld Rob Moris is the Man you maun loo.

Doughter 4

That auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,
His A— it sticks out like ony Peet-Creel,
He's out-shin'd, in-kneed, & ringle-eyd too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

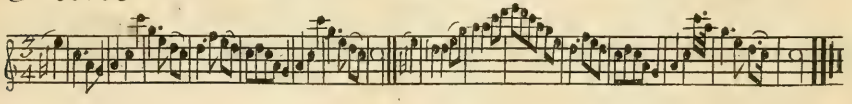
Mither 5

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan;
Then Doughter, ye shou'd na be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Moris is the Man you maun loo

Doughter 6

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,
His Back is so stiff and his Beard is grown gray;
I had ritter die than live wi' him a year
Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear.

Flute



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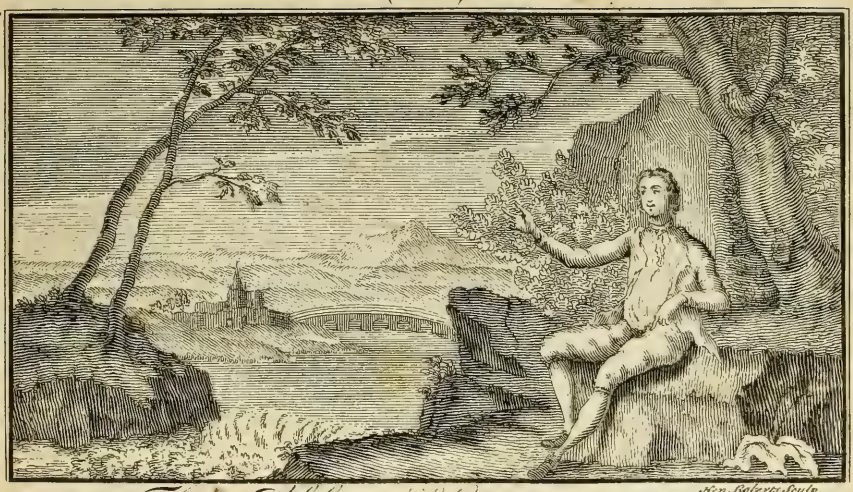


Hen. Roberts Sculp

The Absent Lover, Set to Musick by Mr. Barnard

Affettuoso

Ye gentle Gales that fan the Air, And wanton in the shady Grove;

Oh! whisper to my absent Fair My secret Pain and endless Love.

And in the sultry heat of Day,
When she does seek some Cool retreat;
Throw spicy Odours in her way
And scatter Roses at her feet.

That when she sees their Colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lye;
Let that instruct the charming Maid,
That Sweets not timely gather'd dye.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious Vision shew,
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

Flute

Linco's Advice to Damon

Linco found Damon ly-ing In tears upon the Plain, And Laughing at his

crying, Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain: Cry's Damon Mortal fly me, Or by the

Powr Divine, Cry's Linco don't de--fie me, And shen's a Flask of Wine.

2

This-Foolish pining Lover,
Will teach thee how to Storm,
Thy Gaitry recover,
And make the Maid grow warm;
Come prethee Damon try it,
'Tis Sov'reign prethee do,
Damon could not deny it,
He drank full Bumpers too.

3

Soon Damon felt the Liquor,
His Cheeks grew rosie red,
Then Linco fill'd out quicker,
'Twas out they went to Bed,
Next Morning Damon straying
To breath the fragrant Air,
He heard poor Delia praying,
A last and fervent Pray'r.

4

Yes yes I must implore him,
Damon the kind the true
Ye gods she cry'd restore him,
Else Love and Life adieu;
On Linco's Humour thinking,
He spring into her Arms,
And fir'd with last nights drinking
Would revel in her Charms.

5

The Maid deep Crimson blushing
Reclind her Head and Sigh'd,
Whilst eager Damon flushing,
Loves strongest Efforts try'd;
Ah! whither am I flying,
Her fault'ring tongue expres'd,
Then Clasping, Panting Sighing,
They murmur'd all the rest.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

The Inconstant Swain

Young Thirsis once the jolliest Swain that ever Charmid ỹ. listning Plain at

tentive to his Glee ; While nymphs around ỹ Rover throng, he tunid his Pipe, &

all his Song, was J'aime la Liberté, Was J'aime la Liberté .

Bright Chloe, evry Shepherds Care,
And Flavia fairest of the Fair ;
Are now no longer free;
Coy Delia felt unusual Pain,
All grieve to hear ỹ. Shepherds strain,
was J'aime la Liberté.

The Youth by Inclination Inrayd
A softer Tune had often play'd
To ev'ry charming she
None fear delusion from his tongue,
For all he said, and all he sung,
was J'aime la Liberté .

The treach'rous boy, thus play'd his part,
In Triumph o'er each Female Heart;
Oh! who so blest as He,
Who had each Nympha Mother made,
While all he sung, and all he said,
was J'aime la Liberté.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp.

A New Cantata

Recit:

Whilst Strephon on fair Cloe hung & gently woo'd & sweetly sung The Nymph in

Aria Andante

a disdainful air thus smi-----ling mock'd ye Shepherds care Swain I know' ye you dis-

cover In my form a thousand charms Can you point me out a Lover

worthy my Encircling Arms Boy no more approach my Beauty till you

equal Merit, boast to-------a-do-re me i----s a Duty thousands witness

:S: Recit:

to their Cost Sung to ye heart ye red ring Swain on ye vain maid reto----------ts again

Hen. Roberts Sculp

by Seign.r Anglosini

Aria Allegro

Foolish creature did each feature bloom beyond ỹ pride of Nature artful feigning Coy disdaining vain Coquet des-

troys them all go o'erbearing, Proud ensnaring lay a thousand Fops despairing then amplying, sighing dying

S. S.

For some fool a victim fall Nymphs like you in huff they're deceiving Angels all in front appear But the So ----

S. S.

---------- t their A ---- rts believing but ỹ not their arts believing finds ỹ devil in the rear

Aria Andante

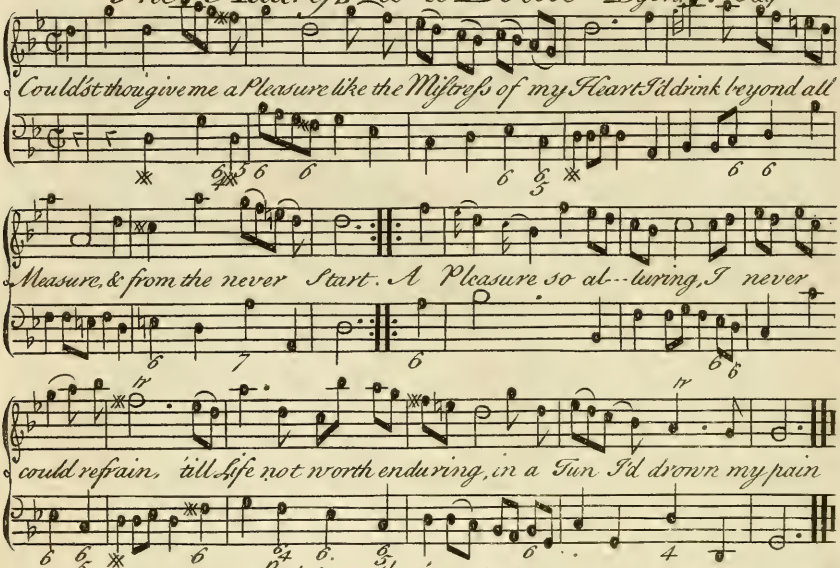
Flute

Aria Allegro

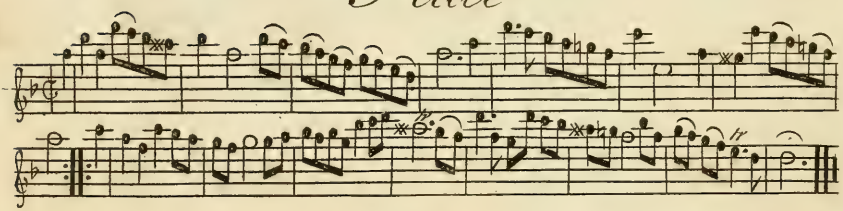
H. Roberts Sculp

The Addreſs to a Bottle

By Mr. Say


Couldst thou give me a Pleasure like the Miſtreſs of my Heart I'd drink beyond all
Measure, & from the never Start. A Pleasure so al--luring, I never
could refrain, 'till Life not worth enduring, in a Tun I'd drown my pain

But since there's no comparing,
With Raptures she can give;
Whose Extasy (past bearing)
I scarce can taste and live.
To brighter Joys reſigning,
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,
And die without repining,
To be buried in her Arms.

Flute

The Coquet

Set to Musick by Mr. Vanbrugh

Andante

From Whitt's and Mills to purling Rills, The Love-sick Strephon Flies; There full of Woe, His Numbers flow, And all in Rhime he Dies.

The Fair Coquet,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town;
But when in Tears,
The Youth Appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full of the Maid,
This Prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon swore;
And what is strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Would never see her more.

Flute

Song

H. Roberts Sculp

The Dejected Lass

A Lass that was Loaden with Care, Sat heavily under a Thorn, I

lis-tend a while for to hear, And thus She be---gan for to Mourn. So

merry as we two have been, So happy as we two have been, O my

Heart it is like to dis--pair, when I think of the Days we have seen

When you my dear Shepherd was there,
The Birds did melodiously Sing,
And the Cold nipping Winter did wear
A face that resembled the Spring.
Our Flocks feeding close by his side,
As he gently prest my Hand,
I had the wide World in my Pride,
And could all its Glory withstand.

My Dear, he would oft to me say
What makes you hard-harted to me?
Or why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee.
But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps new advice may approve,
Which makes me lament day & night
That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve when the rest of the Folk,
Were merrily seated to Spin,
I sat my self under his Oak,
And I heavily sighed for him.

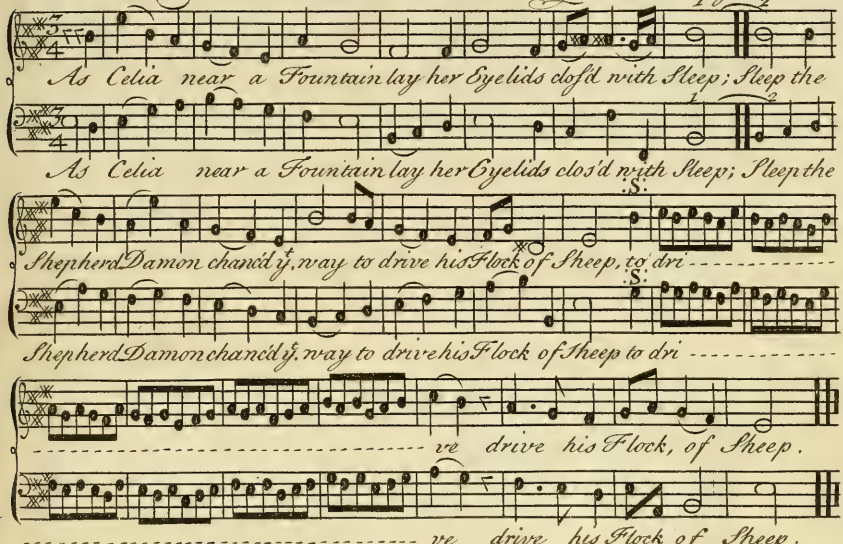
FLUTE

H. Roberts Sculp.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1738

Damon and Celia,

By M.r Cannington.


As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the
As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the
Shepherd Damon chanc'd y.e way to drive his Flock of Sheep, to dri
Shepherd Damon chanc'd y.e way to drive his Flock of Sheep to dri
ve drive his Flock, of Sheep.
ve drive his Flock of Sheep.

2

With awful step he approach'd the fair
To view her Charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry part a Grace.

3

His heart in flam'd with amorous Pain
He wish'd the Nymph would wake
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain,
So unprepar'd to speak.

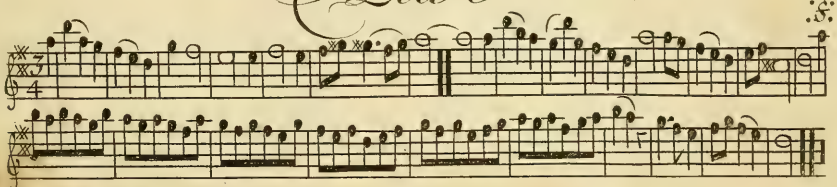
4

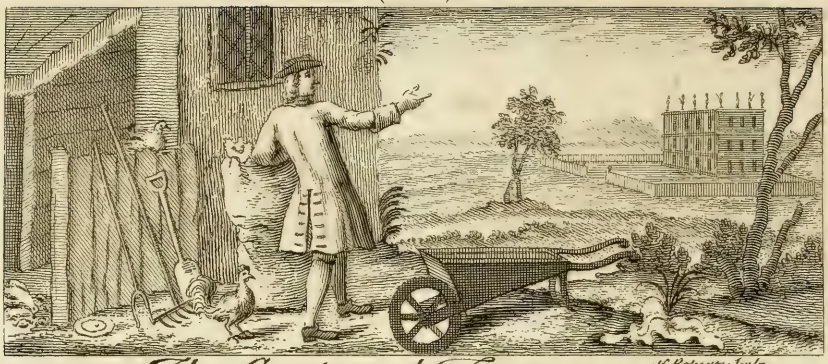
Whilst slumbering thus fair Celia lay
Soft wishes fill'd her mind,
She cry'd cry'd come Thyrsis come away
For now I will be kind,

5

Damon embrac'd the lucky hitt,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifl'd all her Charms.

FINIS





M. Roberts Sculp

The Contented Farmer

Vivace forte

What care I for affairs of State, or who is Rich or who is Great:

How far abroad the Ambitious roam, to bring or Gold or Silver home

what ist to me, if France, or Spain consent to Peace, or Wars maintain.

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibraltar;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other Scarlet Whore;
Grant me ye Pow'rs but health & rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

The Farmer's Wish

Lento

Near some smooth Stream let me keep my liber---ty and feed my Sheep

A shady walk well lind with Trees a Garden with a range of Bees;

an Orchard nr. good Apples bears, where spring a long green Mantle wears

Where Winters never are severe,
Good Barly Sard, to make good Beer,
With Entertainment for a friend,
To spend in peace my latter end,
In honest ease, and home spun grey,
And let the Evening Crown the Day.

FLUTE

The Early Horn For the German Flute

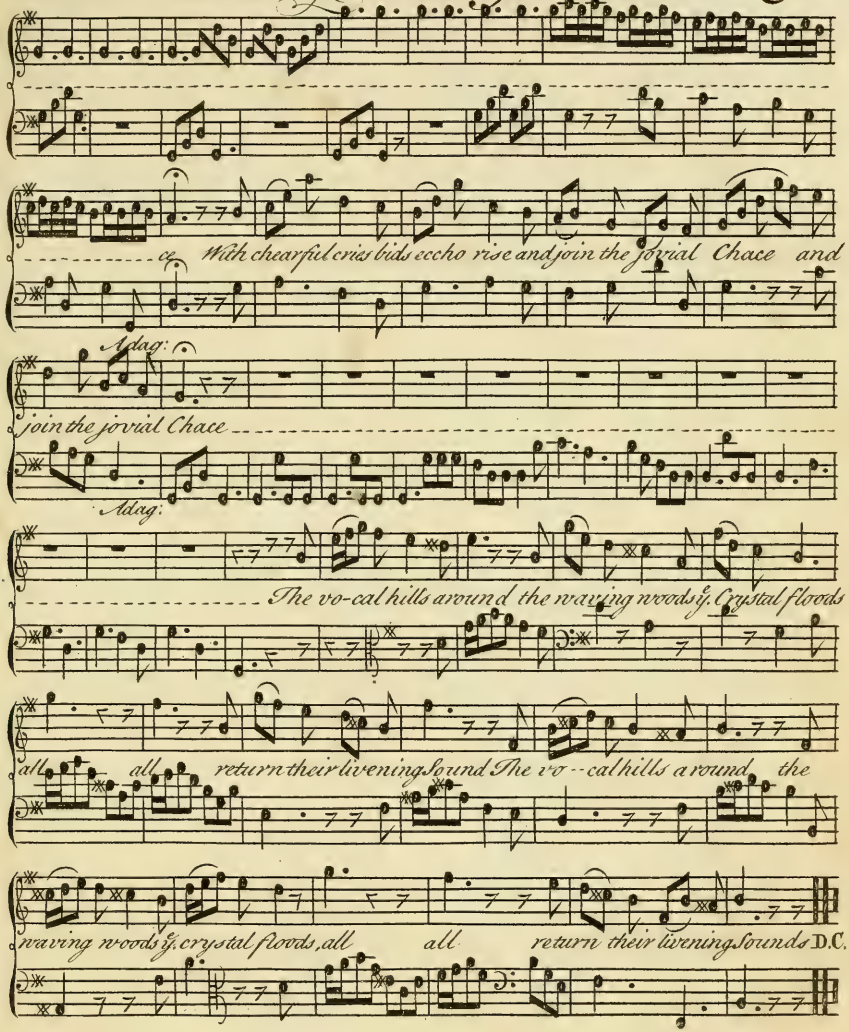
With early Horn s alute the morn ing gilds this charming Place With chearful cries bids

eccho rise & join the joval Cha ce and join the joval Cha

ce and join the joval Chace With early horn sa-

lute the morn ing gilds this chaming Place With chearful cries Bids eccho rise

Bids eccho rise And join the joval Cha

Set to Musick by Mr. Galliard.

With chearful cries bids eccho rise and join the jovial Chace and
Adag:
join the jovial Chace
Adag:
The vo-cal hills around the waving woods & Crystal floods
all all return their livening Sound The vo--cal hills around the
waving woods & crystal floods, all all return their livening Sounds D.C.

Publish'd according to act of Parliament

To Cloe

H. Roberts Sculp 1738

When ever my Cloe I begin, thy Breast like mine to move;

You tell me of that crying Sin of unchast Lawless

Love of unchast Lawless Love

2

How can that Pleasure be a Crime,
That gave to Cloe, Birth;
How can those Joys but be divine,
That make a Heav'n on Earth.

3

To wed Mankind the Priest trapann'd,
By some sly fallacy;
And disobey'd Gods great Command,
Increase and Multiply.

4

You say how Love's a Crime; content
Yet Yet alow you must;
More Joy's in heav'n when one repents,
Than over Ninety Just

5

Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me and by repentance make,
A holiday in Heav'n.

Flute

H. Roberts sculp. Published accordg to act of parliamt 1738

Advice to Chloe

IV

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond Measure, you treat me with doubts & Disdain, You rob all your

Youth of its Pleasure And hoard up an old age of Pain: Your Maxim that love is still founded on

Charms & will quickly de-cay; you'll find to be very ill groun--ded When once you its dictates o-bey

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks & gay smiles are the Dawn,
Fruitions the Sunshine of Love
And tho the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the Skies
You neer can forget it was Day

3

Old Darby with Joan by his side
You've often regarded with wonder
He's Dropsical she is dym Eyd
Yet they're ever unedify a sunder;
Together they totter about
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old Darby's pots out
His Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they posses,
Their several failings to smother
Then what are the Charms can you guess
That makes them so fond of each other?
Tis the pleasing remembrance of Youth
The Endearments which Youth did bestow
The thoughts of past pleasur & truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

5

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove;
For when youth & Beauty are past,
And age bring the Winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By Revivs of such Raptures as these
The Current of Fondness still flows,
Which decript old Age cannot freeze.

Flute

IV

H. Roberts Sculp

Jenny's Lamentation

Twas bonny Lads were Sawny & Jocky, Sawny was lov'd, but Jocky unlucky Sawny was tall well favourd &

witty, But Jocky was all, because he was pretty, For nr. he wou'd me vex'd me sid me never was Lad so

like to un-do me Fye I cry'd almost dy'd least it should ruine me, If Jocky should gang & come no more to me.

Jockey could love but he would not marry,
And I was afraid least I should miscarry;
His cunning tongue with wit was so gilded,
That I was afraid least I might have ill did:
For when he bless'd me prest me & kiss'd me
Lost was the Hour I though when he miss'd me
Crying denying and sighing I woo'd him,
And mickle adoo I had to get from him.
But cruel fate robb'd me of my Jewel,
For Sawney would make him to fight in a duell,
Down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
Oh! there to his Death poor Jockey was wounded
For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him & kill'd him,
Who can express my Grief that beheld him,
Sighing I tore my hair for to bind him,
And vow'd & swore I would not stay behind him.

Thus Jenney for Jockey lay sighing & weeping,
For y. loss of her dear whilst others are sleeping;
And Sawney to see her thus sorely distress'd,
For y. loss of her dear in his heart was oppress'd
But when this Deluder would her & sue'd her,
She bid him be gone & call'd Intruder; —
And said should you die for my love I would mock ye
You have been the Cause of y. Death of my Jockey.
Oh! Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,
The tythe of thy virtue thy wondrous Merit;
Thy goodness by me shall ne'er be forgotten,
I'll sing out thy praise, when thy carass is rotten:
For thou wert the fairest rarest and Dearest
And now thou art gone like a Saint thou appearest
I'll have on thy grave stone this Motto Inserted,
Here lies lifeless Jockey who dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE

7.

To a young Lady Courted by an Old Man Set by Mr. Howard

Dear Chloe at---tend, to th' advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-

mo-nish'd by me: Before you en---gage To wed with old Age; Think how

Summer and Winter a-gree Think how Summer and Winter a-gree.

So ancient a Fruit,
For want of a Root,
Is doom'd to a Speedy decay;
Youth might ripen your Charms,
But old Age in young Arms,
Is like Frosty Weather in May

Let Men of Threescore
Think of Wedlock no more,
They need not be fond of that Noose;
The cripple that begs
Without any Legs
Can have no great occasion for Shoes.

Believe me, dear Maid,
When the best cards are play'd
You seldom can meet with a Trump
And to help the jest on,
When the Sucker is gone
What a Plague would you do with a Pump

A Clock out of repair,
Doth but badly declare,
The Hour of the Day or the Night;
For, unless my dear Love,
The Pendulum move
'Twou'd be strang if y. clock should go right

But now in a trice,
Pray take my advice,
And be sure you follow it too
Since my mind you discover
Shake off an old Lover
And try what a Young one can do.

Flute

The Birks of Endermay

The smiling morn the breathing spring Invite the tuneful birds to sing and

while they warble from each Spray Love melts the universal Lay Let

us Amanda timely wise like them improve the Hour that flies and

in soft raptures wast the Day among the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the Winter of the Year;
And Age, life's Winter, will appear:
At this thy Lively Bloom will fade,
As that must blast each verdant Shade.
Our taste of Pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd Songsters Love no more;
And when they Droop, & we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

FLUTE

A Song to a Favourite Minuet of Geminiani's

Know Madam I never was born to wear your Sex-es Pride & Scorn; all all all all your grand

airs your soft smiles & false Tears are but Jears, Know Madam I never was born to wear your

Sex-es Pride & Scorn Freedom shall still attend on my will, whilst vengeance shall take my pa----

-------rt & rack your proud foo-lish heart. Know Madam I never was born to wear if. sex-es pride & Scorn.

Flute.

The Dying Nymph set by Mr. Lampe

Slow

Whilst endless tears and sighs declare, Thy slighted Love and
brea----king Heart The little warblers of the Air, in thy soft
sorrow seem to share, And plain-tive notes, like sighs impart.

The Rose that late adorn'd thy Bro[w], The God of Love, ev'n he thy Foe,
And near thee glow'd, w[th] brighter Grace Unstrings his Bow, neglects his dart
And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now And soften'd with Louisa's Woe,
Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow; Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face. And silent, Weeps his Fatal Art.

Flute

Cupid Mistaken

As, after Noon, one summers Day, Venus was
bathing in a River; Cupid a shoo---ting, went that
way, new strung his Bow, new filld his Quiver.

With skill, he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his Bow he drew
Swift to his beauteous Parents heart,
The two well guided Arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd
O cruel, could'st thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother

Poor Cupid sobbing, scarce could speak,
Indeed Mamma, I did not know ye;
Alass! how easy's my mistake?
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

FLUTE

The Inconstant

Fair & soft, & gay & young, all chāms she play'd she danc'd she sung there was no way to scape the

dart no care could guard a Lovers heart Ah why cry'd I, & dropt a tear adoring Yet de

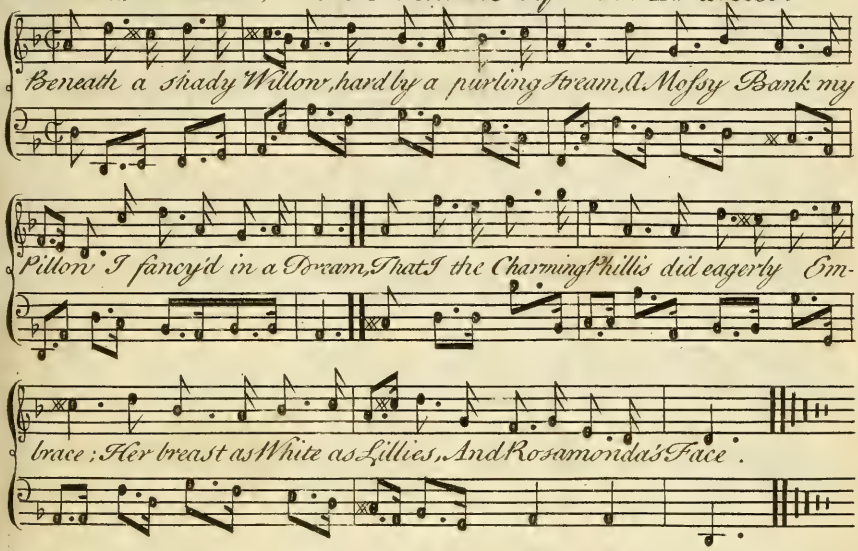
sparring eer to have her to my self alone was so much sweetness made for one.

But growing bolder, in her Ear,
I'in soft Numbers told my Care,
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat;
Like Heav'ns, too mighty to express;
My Joys could be but known, by guess;
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one.

But long I had not been in view;
Before her Eyes their Beams with drew;
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into anothers Arms;
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me,
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

FLUTE

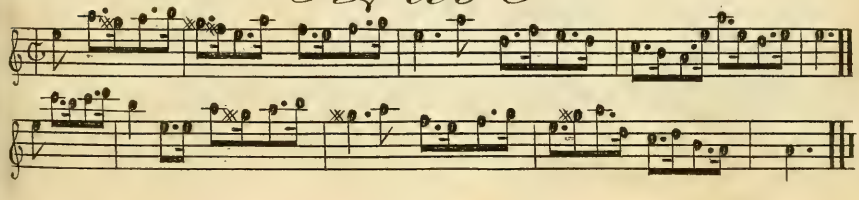
The Dream, The Musick by M.r Handel


Beneath a shady Willow, hard by a purling Stream, A Mossy Bank my
Pillow I fancy'd in a Dream, That I the Charming Phillis did eagerly Em-
brace; Her breast as White as Lillies, And Rosamonda's Face.

What extacies of Pleasure,
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treasure,
She blest her am'rous Swain:
Could nought our Joys discover,
And I my Dream believe,
I so could Sleep for ever,
And still be so deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain would have eluded,
The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring,
So exquisite a Pain;
The Wound is past all Curing
That Cupid gave the Swain.

FLUTE



Whoe's my Heart that we shou'd Sunder

With broken words and donn-cast Eyes Poor Colin spoke his Paſsion tender; and
parting with his Grief, cries, ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder; from
thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we shou'd sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
The Image of thy graceful air,
And Beauties which invites our wonder;
Thy lively wit & Prudence rare
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
Then seal a promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we Sunder.
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass
That as I leave her I may find her
When that blest time shall come to pass
We'll meet again, & never Sunder'.

Flute.

The Melodious Songstress

Set by Sig.r Putti

Andante

Beau-ty & wit Illus---trious Maid bri-----ght as to you belong;

Charm all mankind without the Aid of Soft melo----dious So---ng. Song

Why will you add, Enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice

In vain to tempt Jacrte's heir
The Songs the syrens try'd
But could their notes wth thine Compare
He must have heard and dy'd.

Sing on bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in each Strain's a dart;
We dye by pleasure not by pain,
While thus you pierce the heart.

Flute.

Andante

The Colliers bonny Lassie

The Collier has a daughter And O she's wonder bonny a Laird he was that

sought her baith Rich in land and Money; The tutors watchd the Motion, Of

this young honest Lover, But Love is like the Ocean: who can its depth discover?

He had the Art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His Airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Colliers bonny Lassie,
Fair as the new blown Lilly,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

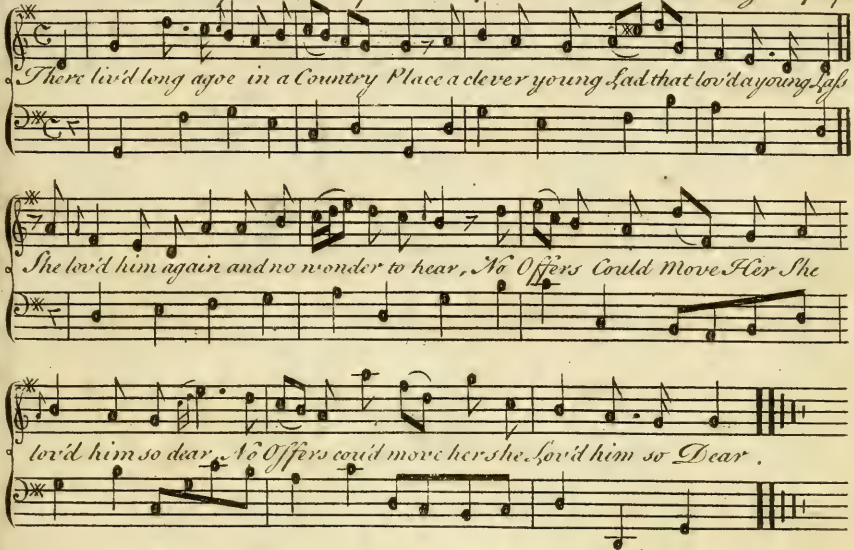
He lov'd beyond Expression,
The Charms that were about her
And panted for Possession,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In softest Flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Colliers daughter,
Let nathing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher,
Shall ever gar me lose ye;
For I have gear in Plenty,
And Love says, 'tis my dutty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit & Beauty.

FLUTE

The Perfections of true Love

Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe


There liv'd long agoe in a Country Place a clever young Lad that lov'd a young Lass
She lov'd him again and no wonder to hear, No Offers Could Move Her She
lov'd him so dear, No Offers could move her she lov'd him so Dear.

2

The Lord of the Village took it in his Head,
To tempt her to leave him & come to his Bed;
He offer'd her Jewells & Baubles & Rings,
But she slighted his Love & refus'd his gay things

3

He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her gown should be Silk & her Cap Colberteen;
But She said Linsey Woolsey & bone lace wou'd serve
And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.

4

He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
Or a Coach if she lik'd it to visit about;
She thank'd him but said she could very well walk
And should she have a Coach how'd y^e Neighbours talk.

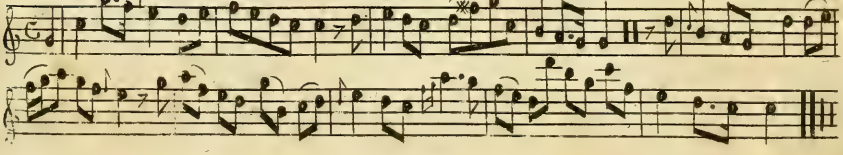
5

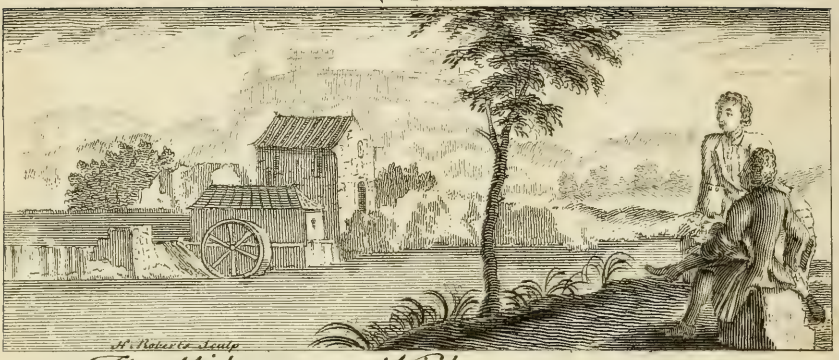
He said for the Neighbours he'd make it his Care,
That not even the Parson on Sundays should dare;
To find fault with her Conduct or offer to blame
Her manner of living or blast her good Name.

8

She told him in short he must e'en be Content,
For Jewels or Gold should ne'er bribe her consent;
Her Heart was another's & so it should remain
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of Gain.

FLUTE





The Midsummer Wish

Lento

Set to Musick by Mr. Carey

Waft me some soft & cooling breeze to Windsors shady kind Retreat; Where silvan scenes
wide spreading trees repel the raging Dog stars heat Where tufted Grass & mossy Beds afford a
rural calm Repose; where woodbines hang their dewy heads, & fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flowery Meadow strays.
His fertile Banks with herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell:
Where e'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy Clear thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide:
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And storm thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd,
Beneath some Oziers dusky shade:
Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
And babbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly drest:
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.
Oh! haste away fair Maid & bring
The muse the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

Flute

The Generous Confession, to a New Tune by Mr. Digard

Affettuoso

Too Plain dear youth these tell-tale Eyes my heart your own declare but for

Heav'ns sake let it suffice You reign Triumphant there Forbear your

ut---most power to try nor further urge your sway perswade not for what I

must deny for fear I should O---bey for fear I should O---bey.

But could your Arts Successful Prove
Would you a Maid undo
Whose greatest failing is her Love
And that her Love for You
Say would you use that very Power
You from her fondness Claim
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A life of spotless Fame.

Ah; Cease my dear to do an ill
Because perhaps you may
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray
Be you your self my virtues Guard
& Defend and not pursue
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with Love and you.

Flute

Affettuoso

True Love, Set to Musick by Dr. Green

Charming Chloe look with Pi---ty on your faithful Lovesick Swain
hear oh hear his doleful Ditty and relieve his mighty Pain Find you
Piano
Musick in his Sighing, Can you see him in distress, Wishing
trembling Panting Dying, Yet afford no kind Redress.

Strephon wooid by lawless Passion,
For no favours rudely Sues;
All his flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient honour for him woes.
Love for Loves the Swains Ambition
But if that is deemid to great,
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say at least you do not hate

Should you fonder of a Rover,
Practic'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight so true & kind a Lover,
Chloe might not Strephon smile.
Yes; well pleasd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid,
Strephon conscious of thy Ruin,
Soon would be a silent Shade.

Flute

Bright Aurelia

When bright Aurelia tript the plain how chearful then were

Seen the looks of every jol---ly Swain who

Amid Aurelia's heart to gain with Gamballs on the Green.

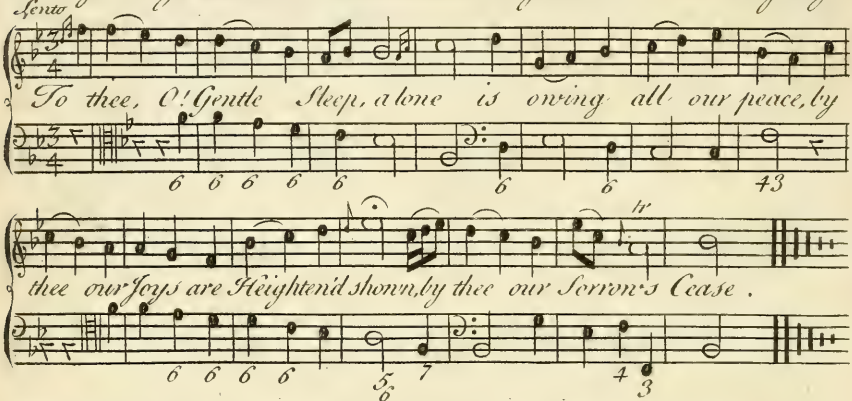
Their Sports were Innocent & Gay,
Mixt with a Manly Aire,
They ran they danced, did Sing & play,
All strove to please their different way,
This Charming lovely Fair.

The Ambitious strife she'd still admire,
And equally approve,
Till Phaon's funefil voice and Lyre
With softest Musick did inspire,
Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest decline,
Their Arts are all in vain,
The Nymph is Constant as divine,
The more they envy and Repine,
The more she loves her Swain.

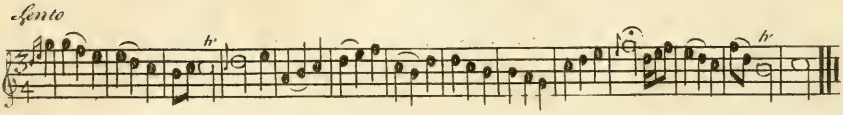
Flute

The Addreſs to Sleep

Set by M.r Jonathan Martin Late Organist to his Majesty

The Nymph, whose hand by Fraudor force
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By thee, obtaining a Divorce
In her own Choice is blest

Oh! stay; Aspasia bids thee stay
The Sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee, not to lose in Day
The object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought;
That Motion chas'd her sleep;
Thus by our selves, are oftnest wrought,
The Griefs, for which we weep.

FLUTE

A New Song by M.r Tho.s Phillips

Slow

within Compass of y.e Flute

Too lovely fair one I Confess y.e Swain in whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a-way.

In Ex-pec-ta-tion of y.e Joy when you no longer cold or Coy shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heaven has made thy form
So soft so Perfect and so Warm
Who Gazes must adore
But I so long in vain have try'd
To move thy heart that Seat of Pride
That here I give it o're.

Allegro

But now Proud fair a Cure I've found I'll be no longer tamely bound in hopeless flames to Bu-

-m in hopeless flames to Burn Vain Maid I'll Shaken of my Chain by wine a Conquest I obtain &

triumph in my turn & Tri-umph & Tri-umph in my turn.

The Desponding Lover, Set by Mr Boyce

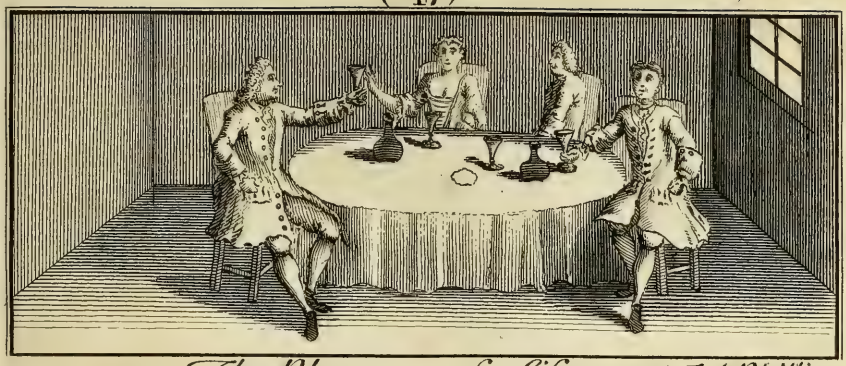
Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Curst of all the

Sorrows that we bear: A Rival is ye Worst By partners in another kind, Af-

flictions easier grow: In Love a-lone we hate to find Companions in our woe

Silvia, for all those Griefs you see,
Arising in my Breast;
I beg not that you'd pity Mee,
Would you but slight the Rest:
How're Severe, your Rigours are,
Alone with them I'd Cope,
I can endure my own Dispair,
But not another's Hope.

Flute



The Pleasures of Life by Mr. Thos. Phillips

Save Women & Wine there is nothing in Life, that can bribe honest Souls to endure

it, Save Women & Wine there's nothing in Life that can bribe honest Souls to endure it

When y.e heart is perplext & surrounded w.th care dear Women & Wine only cure it When the

heart is perplext & surrounded w.th care dear Women & Wine dear Women & Wine dear Women & Wine only cure it.

Come on then my Boys we'll have Women and Wine,
And wisely to purpose employ them; Come on &c.
He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine
Whilst Vigour and health can enjoy them He's a fool &c
As Women and Wine dear Woman and Wine
Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them

Our wine shall be Old bright & sound my dear Jack
To heighten our Amorous Fires, Our &c.
Our Girls young and sound & shall kiss with a smack
And shall gratify all our Desires
The Bottles we'll Crack & the Girls we will smack
And Gratify all our Desires.

Flute

A Dialogue betwixt Punch & Columbine

O my Pretty Punchinello O my little dapper

fellow have you heard y^e Farinelli is coming over *O no* *my Colom-*

bino I hear *that Carestino the famous Carestino who has pleas'd both King &*

Queen O both King & Queen O *sets out for dover* *But I hope my Sene-*

sino is no such Rover O no my Senesino has lick'd himself quite clean O has thousands got fifteen O

to a Favourite Air of Mr Handels

& lives in Clover

Col. I'm glad my Senses in no has thousands got fifteen O & lives in Clover.

Col: After Pomora or Handel
Where dye think i Town will dandle
Or which must hold the Candle
Pu: But Harlequin o Lun o
Has Cookd a deal of Fun o
Of Pantomine and Pun o
And expects a mighty Run o
At Covent Garden

Col: Shall we go and see the Fun o
Pun: In Play houses full Six o
One knows not where to fix o
Till they let us in for Nix o
Both Well see im round all Six o
If they'll let us in for Nix o
Thats allway our Bargain

FLUTE

Down the Burn Davie

When Trees did bud & fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see when Mary

was compleat fifteen And Love laugh'd in her Eye blith Davie's blinks her heart did

move, to speak her Mind thus free Gang down y. Burn Davie love & I shall follow thee

Now Davie did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this Burnside,
And Mary was the bonnest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride;
Her Checks were rosie red and White,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like droping Dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd,
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For ganging hame I heard them say,
They'd a wak sae sweet,
And that they aften shau'd return,
Sic Pleasure to renew:
Quoth Mary, love, I like the Burn,
And ay shall follow you.

Flute

Fair Chloe

set by Mr. Allcock

As Chloe oer the Meadow past, I view'd the lovely Maid. She

turn'd and Blush'd, re-new'd her Hast and fear'd by me to

be Embrac'd my Eyes my Wish be-tray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,
The Charming Nymph pursuid.
Daphne was not so bright a Game,
Tho great Apollo's darling Dame,
Nor with such Charms endud.

I follow'd close, the fair still flew,
Along the Grassy Plain,
The Grass at length my rival grew,
And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe,
Her speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,
What did the fall reveal,
Such Limbs description cannot tell,
Such charms were never in the Mall,
Nor smock did eer Conceal.

She Shriek'd I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
And burning with desire
I help'd the Queen of love to rise,
She check'd her anger & Surprize,
And said rash youth retire.

Be gone and boast what you have seen,
It shant avail you much,
I know you like my form and mien,
Yet since so Insolent they have been,
Those parts you neer shall touch.

FLUTE

A Pastoral

by Mr Carey

Sym:

Flocks are sporting Doves are courting warbling Linnets sweetly

Sing Jo: - - -

The Happy Shepherd

Set to Musick by Dr. Green

Come fair Nymphs to this sweet Grove, constant swains make haste away And behold my

charming Love, rejoyce with me this happy day: Silvia at length has changid her mind she

pity shews no more disdain never flying, nor denying, her heart to me she

has resignid; I no more shall sigh in vain, my faithful vows she now will hear,

Joys delighting Charms inviting, in fair Silvia do appear.

Flute

Fond Celadon

Set by Dr. Green

As Celadon once from his Cottage did stray, To Court his dear

Jug on a Hillock of Hay, What aukard Confusion oppress'd the poor

Swain, when thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain.

O! Joy of my Heart & delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jug 'tis for Thee faithful Celadon dies;
My Pipe I've forsaken tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

3

When Swains to an Alehouse by force do me lug
Instead of Pitcher I call for a Jug;
And sure you can't chide at repeating yo.r Name
When the Nightingale every Night does the same

Sweet Jug He a hundred Times o're does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet
Ah! why do'st thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail

5

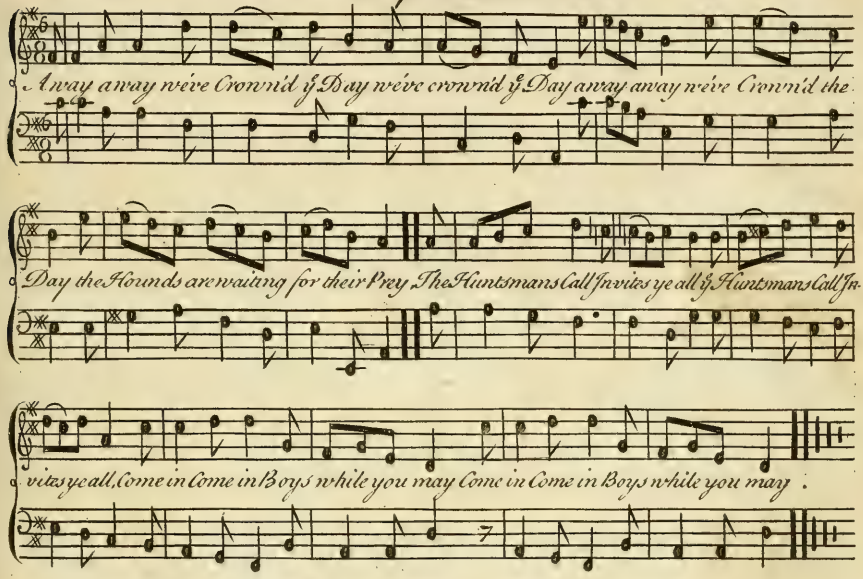
For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast
As He at our last Harvest Supper Confest;
I own it says Jug He has gotten my Heart
His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart

6

His Eyes are so Black and his Cheeks are so Red
They prevail more with me than all you have said
Tho' you Court me & Kiss me and do what you can
I will signify Nothing for Roger's the Man.

Flute

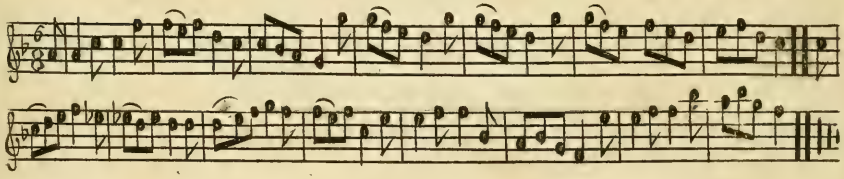
The Merry Huntsmen


A way a way we've Crown'd ye Day we've crown'd ye Day away away we've Crown'd the
Day the Hounds are waiting for their Prey The Huntsmans Call Invites ye all ye Huntsmans Call In
vites ye all, Come in Come in Boys while you may Come in Come in Boys while you may .

The Jolly Horn, the Rosie Horn, the Rosie Horn
The Jolly Horn the Rosie Horn, with Harmony of deep Mouth'd Hounds
These These my Boys, are Heavenly Joys
These These my Boys are Heavenly Joys
Come in Come in Boys while ye may, Come in & c .

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee
The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, & let him take it not in Scorn
The Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age, the Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age
Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not & c.

FLUTE



Celia has a thousand Charms

Celia has a thousand thousand thou - - - - - - - - - - - - sand Charms, 'tis Heav'n 'tis Heav'n to

tye within - - - - - - - - - her Arms while I stand gazing on her Face some new & some resistless

grace fills with fresh magick all - - - - - the place while I stand gazing on her face some new & some resistless

grace fills with fresh magick all - - - - - - - - - - - -

Set to Musick by the late Mr. Henry Purcell

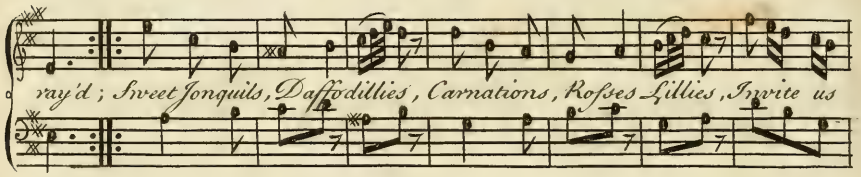
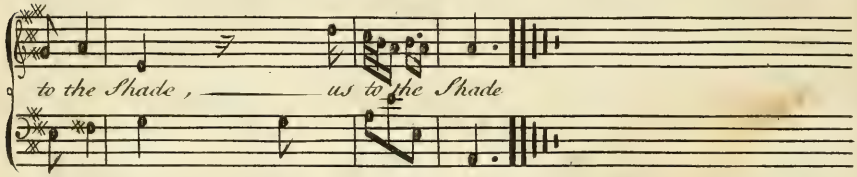
tillo oh Mirtillo have a care have a care her Sweetness is a bove compare, but

then she's false, she's false but then she's false she's false as well as fair have a care have a

care have a care Mirtillo have a care Mirtillo have a care have a care have a care have a care.

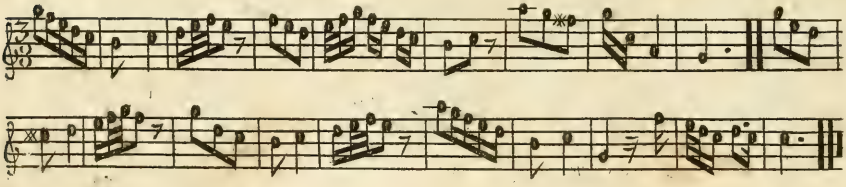
Flute

The Fond Lover

Set by Mr. R. Vincent



There clasping Thee, my Treasure,
In Extacy 'bove measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye;
While you're with Looks expiring,
My Bliss ful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,
I'll crown my Dying Blisses,
Whilst you, in pity, cry;
My Love, I'll not be cruel,
But in this am'rous Duel,
We'll both together die.

Flute

Life is Chequer'd

Philosophical Jovial — Set by Dr. Green

Life is Chequer'd Toil & Pleasure fill up all y. various measure See y. Crew in Flannel Jerkin's, drinking toaping

Sin by firkin's & as they raise y.tin to their happy lips on y. Deck is heard no other Sound but prithee Jack prithee Dick prithee Sam prithee Tom

Chorus for as many as Can

Let y. Can go round Then hark to y. Boatswain's whistle whistle y. hark to y. Boatswains whistle whistle Bustle Bustle Bustle my Boy let us

Stir let us toil but let's drink all y. while for labours y. Price of our Joys for Labours y. Price of our Joys.

Life is Chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure,
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the Crew, in Sunburnt faces,
Chaunting blackey'd Susan's Graces;
:S: And as they raise their Notes
Thro' their rusty Throats,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round ..:.
Chorus Then Hark to y. Boatswain's whistle &c

Life is Chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure,
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the Crew, their cares Discarding,
With Hustle-Cap, or with Chuck-farthing:
:S: Still in a merry Pin,
Let em loose or win;
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Jack; prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom;
Let the Can go round ..S:
Cho: Then hark to y. Boatswain's whistle! &c.

Slow jolly

The Tiplers Wish by Mr. Wight, set by Mr. Digard

O Greedy Midas I've been told if, tho' you touchd you turnd to Gold if, what you touchd you
turnd to Gold O had I but a Pow'r like thine O had I but a pow'r like thine I'd tu-
-m I'd turn tho' ere I touch to Wine I'd turn tho' ere I touch to Wine

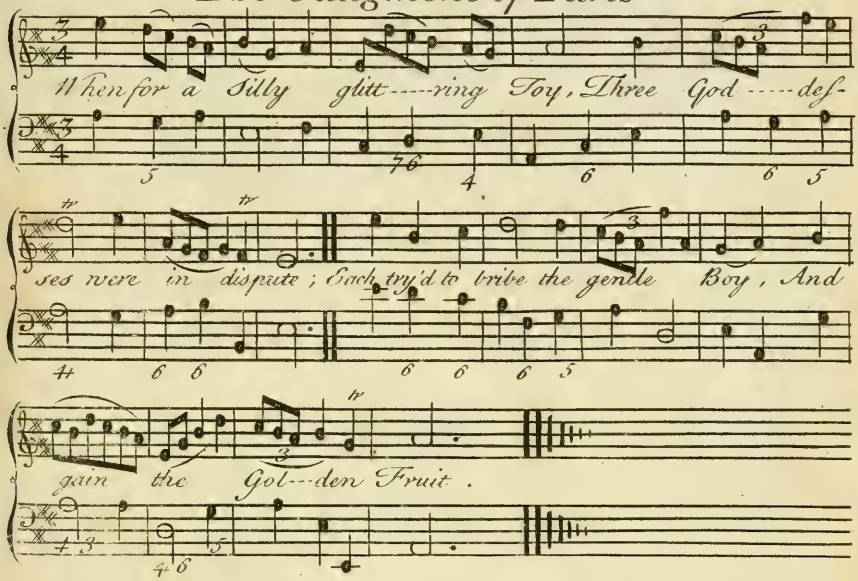
Each purling stream should feel my force
Each fish my fatal Power mourn
Each fish &c.
And wond'ring at the Mighty Change
And wond'ring &c.
Should in their native Regions Burn
Should in &c.

Nor should there any dare t'approach
Unto my mantling sparkling Shrine
Unto my &c.
But first should pay their Votes to me
But first &.
And stile me only God of Wine
And stile &c.

FLUTE

Hen: Roberts Sculp: 1738 — According to Act of Parlt.

The Judgment of Paris

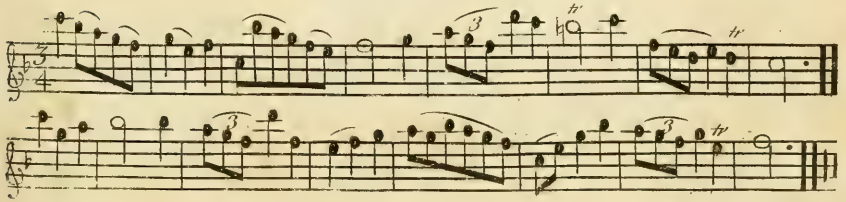

When for a Silly glitt----ring Toy, Three God----dess-
ses were in dispute; Each try'd to bribe the gentle Boy, And
gain the Gol---den Fruit.

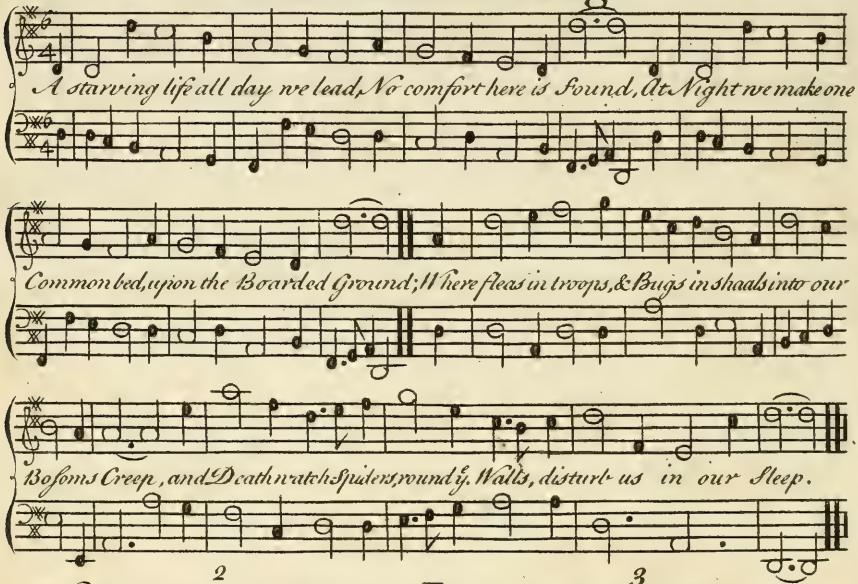
To me, said Juno, give the Prize;
A Kingdom shall be your Reward:
I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,
More worthy your Regard.

Here Venus artfully step'd in;
My Present will more tempting prove
A Beauty promis'd let me win,
And quit all else for Love.

She said: he bows & thus replies,
Goddesses I can't but take this part:
What King so great, what Sage so wise
As he who rules a Heart!

Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,
To pow'r, or sordid Riches blind;
I'd learning slight, my Books lay down
Would Emma but be kind.

FLUTE

The Prisoners Song

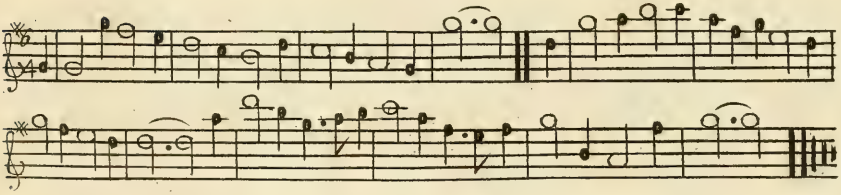

A starving life all day we lead, No comfort here is found, At Night we make one
Common bed, upon the Boarded Ground; Where fleas in troops, & Bugs in shoals into our
Bosoms Creep, and Death watch Spiders, round ye Walls, disturb us in our Sleep.

2

Were Socrates alive, and Bound
With us to lead his life,
'Twould move his Patience far beyond
His crabbed, Scolding Wife;
Hard Lodging and much harder fare,
Would try the wisest Sage,
Nay! even make a Parson Swear,
And curse this Sinful Age.

3

Thus, we Insolvent debtors live,
Yet we may Boldly say,
Worse Villains often Credit give,
Than those that never pay,
For wealthy Knaves can with applause
Cheat on and ne'er be try'd,
But in Contempt of human Laws,
In Coaches Safely ride

Flute

Lucretia,

Set by Mr. Betts

Lucretia the Empire of Rome did destroy, and Helen they say was the

ruin of Troy The one was too wanton the other too nice, Extreams still prove

fatal in Virtue and Vice

To be Ship wrackd on either I never design,
But to Sail between both in a Sea of good Wine;
What tho' some dull Matron our mirth disapprove
'Tis safer for Ladies to drink then to Love.

Here's a health to all those that are better then wise,
Who scorn to be Vicious yet are not precise;
What tho' some dull Matron our mirth disapprove,
'Tis safer for Ladies to drink then to Love.

FLUTE

Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles

Largo

Old Chiron thus Preachid to his Pupil Achilles, I'le tell you I'le

Old Chiron thus Preachid to his Pupil Achilles, I'le

tell you young Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy you my Boy must

tell you young Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy you my Boy must

go, must go the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy, thence never to re-

go, must go the Gods will have it so to the Siege of Troy thence

turn, thence never to return, never to return never to return to Greece a-

never to return thence never to return never to return to Greece a-

gain, but before those Walls to be Slain, but before those Walls

gain, but before those Walls to be Slain but before

to be Slain before those Walls, those Walls to be Slain.

those Walls to be Slain before those Walls to be Slain.

within Compass of the **Flute**, *Set by Mr. Wise*

Allegro *Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down Let not ỹ. Noble Courage*

Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down

be cast down Let not ỹ. Noble Courage Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down

Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down Let not ỹ. Noble Courage be cast down

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all ỹ. while you

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all ỹ. while you

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry, You'll

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry

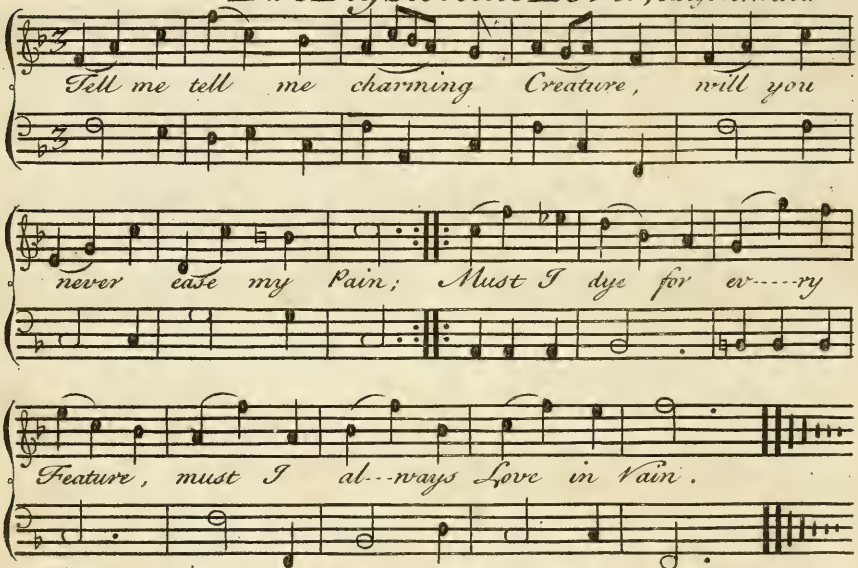
ne'er go the sooner You'll ne'er go the sooner You'll ne'er go the

You'll ne'er go the sooner the sooner You'll ne'er go the

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

The Passionate Lover, Set by Mr. Webber



The desire of Admiration,
Is the pleasure you pursue;
Prithee try a lasting Passion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

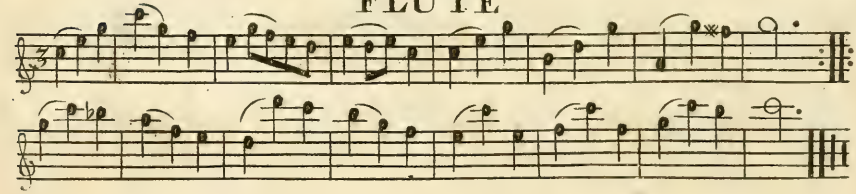
Tears and Sighing could not move you
For a Lover ought to dare;
When I plainly told I lov'd You,
Then you said I went too far.

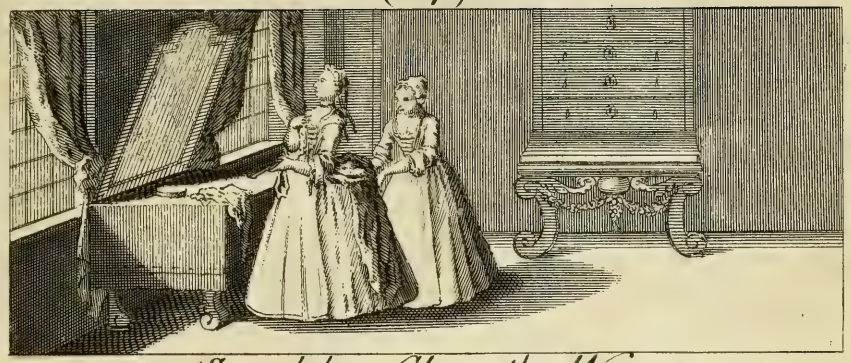
Are such giddy ways beseeming,
Will my dear be fickle still,
Conquest is the Joy of Women
Let their Slaves be what they will

Your neglect when torment fills me,
And my desprate thought increase,
Pray consider if you kill me,
You will have a Lover less

If your wand'ring Heart is heating,
For new Lovers let it be;
But when you have done Coqueting,
Name a day and fix on me.

FLUTE





Stand by! Clear the Way

What tho' they call me Country Lass, I read it plainly in my Glass, ỹ. for a Dutchess

I might pass, Oh could I see the Day! Would Fortune but attend my call, at

Park at Play at Ring at Ball I'd Brave ỹ. Proudest of em all, With a Stand by! Clear ỹ. way!

2

Surrounded by a Crow'd of Beaux,
With smart Toupets, and Pow'der'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
Oh could I see the Day!
I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
And then, Oh how I'll Tyrannize,
With a Stand by! Clear the way!

Oh then for Grandure and delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
And Flambeaux, that outshine the light;
Oh could I see the Day!
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
And pleasure Crown the growing Day;
With a Stand by! Clear the way!

Flute

New Roberts Sculp.

The Melancholly Nymph, Set by Mr. Handel

'Twas when y Seas were Roaring with Hallow Blasts of Wind, A Damsil Lay de-

ploring all on a Rock reclind Wide o'er y. rolling billows She cast a wishful

look, Her Head was Crownid w.th willows that trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone & over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou venture Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas,
Cease cease thou Cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest;
Ah! what's the troubled motion,
To that within my Breast.

2

The Marchant robb'd of Pleasure,
Sees Tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of Treasure,
To the loosing of my Dear,
Should you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a Richer Maiden,
But none that Loves you so.

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water,
Doe hideous Rocks remain:
No Eyes the Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep;
To wrack the wandring Lover,
And leave the Maid to Weep.

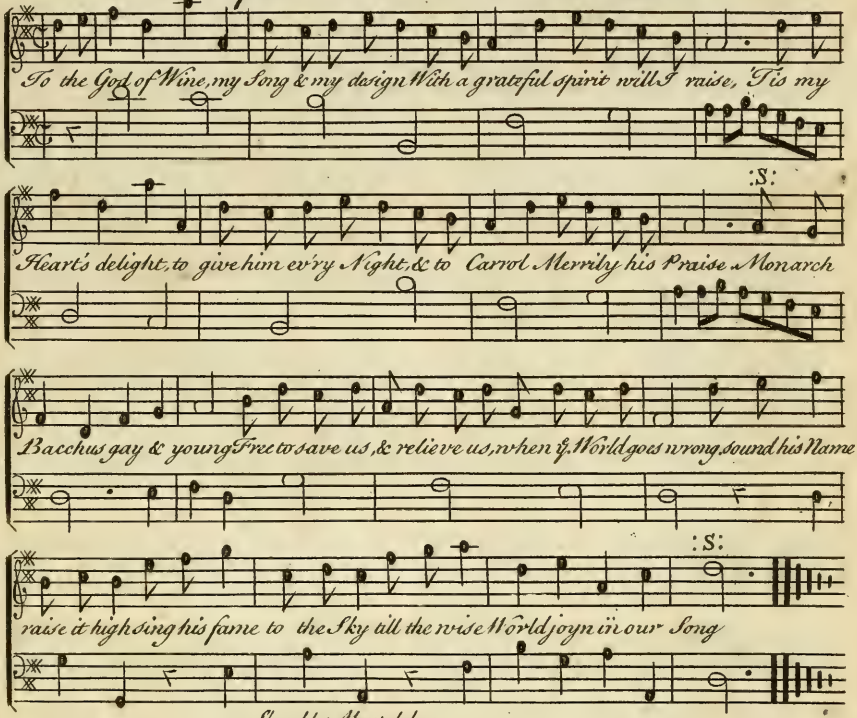
3

All Melancholly Laying,
Thus wraild she for her Dear;
Repaid each blast with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear;
When o'er y. white waves Stooping,
His floating Corps she Spy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head & Dy'd.

Flute

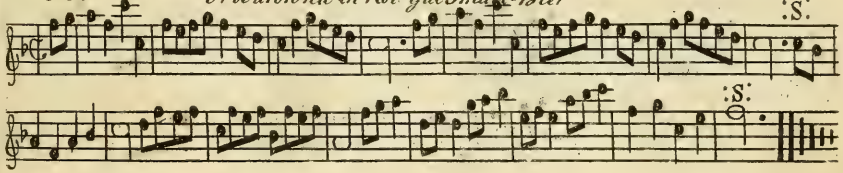
22.

The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker


To the God of Wine, my Song & my design With a grateful spirit will I raise, 'Tis my
:S:
Heart's delight, to give him ev'ry Night, & to Carrol Merrily his Praise Monarch
Bacchus gay & young Free to save us, & relieve us, when y. World goes wrong, sound his Name
:S:
raise it high sing his fame to the Sky till the wise World joyn in our Song

Should a Mortal dare,
His merry Subjects sneer
Let him dread the Fate decreed:
A New Law well weighd
The drinking Court has made
And to Justice thus they'll proceed
See the Rebel to the Bar,
That the Traytor, Bound in Fetter,
May his Sentence hear;
Let the Rogue, In a String,
Like a Dog, Take a Swing
Or be drownd in Rot-Gut Small-Beer

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp.

The Mournful Shepherdess

Glide gently on, thou murmuring Brook & sooth my tender Grief, Twas
here the fatal Wound I took, 'tis here I seek Relief. With Silvio on this
Verdant Shore, I fondly sat re--clind, Believ'd the Charming things he Swore too
credu-lous-ly kind, too cre--dulously kind.

While thus he said, this purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall flow,
O Pastorella ever my Flame
The least decay shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back to your Crystal head,
The false ungrateful perjurd Swain,
Has broke the Vows he made.
Has broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless breast has warmd,
And those kind Vows & soft address
Her guiltless Heart has charmd.
But tell the Nymph thou gentle Stream
If ever She visits Thee,
The treachrous Youth has vow'd the same
Yet broke his Faith with me
Yet broke his &c.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp.

The Coquet

Set by Mr. Lampe

Crouds of Coxcombs thus de-luding, cringing chatting ogling flatting by co-

quetting and by pruding all are Victims to my Art While at will the Fools I'm

leading they for Favours in-ter-ceed-ing with vain Hopes th' fancies feeding

still untouch'd I keep my Heart still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me,
Thinks I prize him,
Who despise him,
All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,
Born to Baffle all Mankind,

Like the Winds & waves still changing
Never Constant ever ranging
Cupid from my Heart estranging
That's as Cold as he is blind
That's &c.

FLUTE

Fair Clora

As I saw fair Clo ---------- ra walk a lone, the

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone the

sea ---------- ther'd Snow came softly down, softly down, softly

sea ---------- ther'd Snow came softly down softly

down softly down softly down came softly softly soft--ly down

down softly down came softly softly soft--ly down

As Jove descending de--scending from his Tow'r to court

As Jove de--scending from his Tow'r to court her

her in a Silver Show'r as Jove descending from his Tow'r to

in a Silver Show'r as Jove descending from his Tow'r

Courther to Co ---------- urt her in a Silver Show'r,

to Co ---------- urt her in a Silver Show'r.

Set to Musick by Mr. Hayden

The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts as little little Birds into their Nests.

The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts as little Birds into their Nests

But being overcome with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-

But being overcome with whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-

to a Tear Thence falling on her Gar--ments Hem to de--------

to a Tear Thence falling on her Gar--ments Hem to

----------ck her Froze Froze Froze in-to a Gem. D.C.

de----------ck her Froze Froze Froze in-to a Gem

Flute

D.C.

The Jolly Breeze

set by M Eccles

The Jolly Jolly Breeze, that comes whistling thro' y^e Trees, from a-----ll the

blissful region brings, Perfu-----ms upon its spicy Wings, on its spicy Wings, w^th its

wo-----nton motion curling curling

curling curling curling the Crystal Rills, w^ch down down down down down y^e

Hillocks run run run run o'er Golden gravel purling

Flute

On Gallant Moor of Moor Hall

:S:

He's a Man ev'ry Inch I assure You stout vig'rous active & tall There's none can from danger se-

:S: :S:

cure you like brave Gallant Moor of Moor Hall no Giant or Knight ere quell'd him he

:S:

fills all their hearts with alarms no Virgin yet ever beheld him no virgin yet ever beheld him no

adagio

Virgin yet ever beheld him but wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms

FLUTE.

:S: :S:

adagio

Strephon's Complaint

How can you lovely Nancy thus cruelly slight A Swain who is

wretched when banish'd your Sight, Who for your sake a---lone, thinks

Life worth his Care, But ne^ch. soon if you frown on must end in Despair.

If you meant thus to torture Or why did y^r. Eyes,
Once express so much softness & sweetly Surprize
By their lustre inflam'd I could not believe, –
As they shed such mild Influence they e'er would deceive

But alass! like y^e. Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night, –
Who perceives a false Splendor at distance invite
Overjoy'd He hastes on, pursues it and Dies; –
Alike Ruin attends me if away Nancy flies

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel & unveil'd all y^r. Charms
When you vow'd lasting Love & swore with a kiss –
That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss

Fairest, but most to be curst consider that Woe,
Will like Sickness neglected, more desperate grow
That your heart may relent, I implore y^e. kind pow'rs
Since I'm constant as y^e. Sex, be not Fickle as Ours.

FLUTE

H. Roberts Sculp. 1739.

The Thirsty Toper

Presto

Sym.

If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Souls a Dry Sure such Wine as

this will tempt ye to Carouse in Sympathy; Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring, Moisture

ever are desiring Thus caressing Natures Blessing We'll ye sober World defie D.C

See the Bottle how its Beauty,
Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face;
We to Bacchus owe a Duty,
Drink brave Heroes, drink a pace.
Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine would never spare it,
Ever drinking Void of thinking,
We'd the happy Hours embrace.

Flute

D.C.

Publish'd accord.g to Act of Parliam.t 1739 A Roberts Sculp.

Englands Lamentation for the loss of Farinelli

What dire Misfortune hath be-

fell, Each Quivring Beau & tuneful Bell, Lost Fa---ri-nel-li's kil-ling Note, for Spain has Caught him

ly by the Throat Far far a way he's forc'd to stay kil-ling thrilling thrilling

kil-ling Ruin'd lost & quite undone, Charming Fari---nelli's gone.

Our Tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow
That Senesino needs would go,
When Straight a heavier Loss we know,
Dear Farinelli's Kidnapt too,
Farinelli, Senesino,
Senesino, Farinelli,
Ruin'd, lost and quite undone,
Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O Cruel Spain will nought suffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely prize,
Take all our Ships, take all our Men
So we enjoy but him again
O send him straight, our Nobles wait
O send him quick, We all are Sick,
Ruind, Lords and Commons all,
From S.t James's to Guildhall.

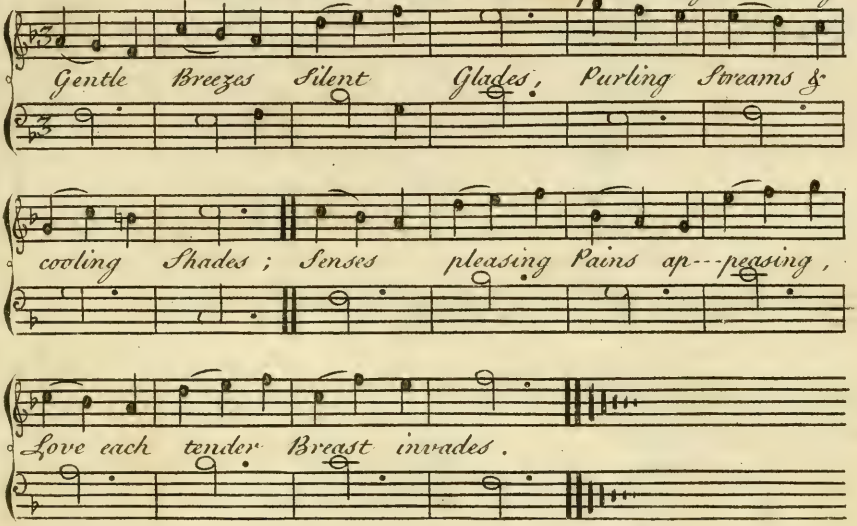
Fute

Published according to Act of Parliam. 1739

A Pastoral Courtship

Set by Mr. Young

R. Roberts Sculp.


Gentle Breezes Silent Glades, Purling Streams &
cooling Shades; Senses pleasing Pains ap---peasing,
Love each tender Breast invades.

2

Here the Graces beauty's bring
Here the warbling Linnets Sing
Love inspiring All desiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

3

Here behold the Am'rous Swain,
Free from Anguish free from Pain!
Nymphs complying, Cares beguiling
Venus Smiling glads the Plain.

4

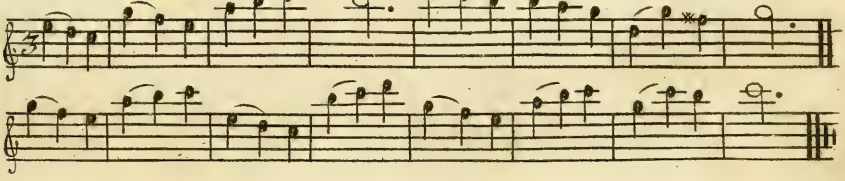
Let not us two charming Fair
Be the only hapless Pair
O relieve me! Ease to grieve me
Ease your anx'ous Lover's care.

5

In thy air and Charming Face,
Dwells an irresistless Grace,
Ever charming, Love alarming
To pursue the blisful Chase.

Let me touch this panting Breast!
Here for ever let me rest!
Bliss enjoying, Never cloying
Ever Loving ever Blest.

Flute



The Lady's Ramble to May Fair

From grave Lessons & Restraint I'm stole out to Revel here, yet I tremble and I

pant in the middle of the Fair. Oh oh oh would fortune in my way, throw a

Lover kind & Gay, now's the time now's ye time now's ye time, he soon may move a young heart two

us'd to Love. Shall I venture no no no shall I from ye danger go, oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I must not try, I cannot fly, I must not durst not, cannot

Fly - - - - - - - - - - - - - I must not try, I cannot fly, I must not durst not cannot Fly.

Set by Mr. Weldon for the German Flute

Help me Nature, help me Art, why should I de----ny my heart, Help me Nature,

help me Art why should I de----ny my Heart, If a Lover will pursue, like the

wisest let me do, I will fit him if he's true, If he's false I'll fit him too.

FLUTE

Pub. accord to Act of Parliam. 1738 H. Roberts Sculp

The Desparate Lover

Set by Mr. Carey

Sooner than I'll my Love forego and loose the Man I prize and

loose the Man I prize I'll bravely combat e'ry woe I'll bravely combat

e'ry woe or fall a Sacri-fi-------ce or fall a Sacri---fice.

NB. the lines that have this Mark :S: are Sung twice over.

2

Nor bolts nor bars shall me controul,
I Death and danger dare :S:
Restraint but fires the Active Soul :S:
And urges fierce despair :S:

3

The window nor shall be my Gate,
I'll either fall or fly :S:
Before I'll live with him I hate :S:
For him I love I'll die :S:

FLUTE

Publish'd according to Act of Parliam.t 1739 M.r Roberts Sculp.

Autumn

Set by M.r Brown

Re---turn re---turn my love---- ly Nymph, for Summer's Pleasures now will fade; The trem---bling Leaves begin to drop, All Nature se-ems as if------decay'd

Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
Th' Approach of Wintry Nights to mourn;
The Lark forgets to mount the Sky,
Ah lovely Celia quick return.

The blushing Roses Charms decay,
The Lilly droops it's lovely Head;
Sweet winding Thames begins to swell
And visit th' unfrequented Mead.

The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lyes,
The Vallies now no more delight;
Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life,
Have taken to their Annual Flight.

Flute

The Present State of Little Britain

Britons where is your great Magna nimi--ty where's your

Britons where is your great Magna ni mi--ty where's your

boasted Courage flown; Quite perverted to Pu-si---la

boasted Courage flown; Quite perverted to Pu-si---la

nimi--ty scarce to call your Souls your own.

nimi--ty scarce to call your Souls your own.

2

What your Ancestors won so Victoriously,
Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;
You'd relinquish & C.! most Ingloriously,
To oppression tamely yield.

3

Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative,
See her weeping quit the Shore;
Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative,
Never to behold Her more.

4

Gracious Gods to assist exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy Vindicative Hand;
Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,
And preserve a sinking Land.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp. 1739

The Distracted Lover

Set by Mr. Boyce

I love I doat I rave with Pain, No Quiet in my Mind Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain were Silvia less unkind. For when as long her Chain I've worn I ask Relief from smart She only gives me Looks of Scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold,
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be Sold.
Can Silvia such a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Desert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

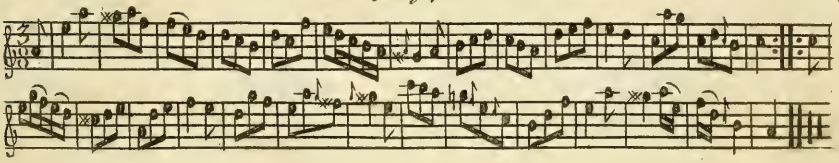
When like some panting hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend,
Ah Silvia thus in vain you strive,
To act a healing Part,
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,
I lay me down to rest,
In hopes to Calm my raging Head,
And Cool my burning Breast,
Her Cruelty all ease denies
With some sad Dream I start
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising thro' the Path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells;
Where to the senseless Waves my Love,
Its mournful Story tells
With sighs I dew & kiss the Door,
Till Morning bids Depart,
Then vent ten thousand Sighs & more,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But Silvia when this Conquest's won,
And I am gone and Cold;
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor Glory when 'tis told,
For ev'ry lovely generous Maid,
Will take my injur'd Part;
And Curse thee Silvia I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart

Flute



Hen. Roberts Fecit

Charming Chloris Set by Mr. Marchand

Chloris in native purple bright, in native Purple purple bright the Vio-let of

beauty springs she spreads her opening sweets to sight & Ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - vishes w^th.

War - - - - - - - - - - - - - - bling warbling strings Fair charmer of our Eyes & Ears Ce-

cilia sure has heav'n forsook she brings soft musick from y^e Spheres, & bears an Angel

in her Look she brings soft musick from y^e Spheres & bears an Angel in her Look .D.C

Flute

D.C

Hen. Roberts Fecit

Fair Silvia. set by M.r Boyce

Silvia the fair in the Bloom of fifteen, felt an Innocent Warm.th as she lay on the Green; she had

heard of a Pleasure & someth.g she quest, by their toyz.ing & tumbling & touching her breast she saw & then

eager but was at a loss, w.t they meant by th.r sighing & kissing so close, by th.r praying & whining &

clasping & twining & panting & wishing & sighing & kissing & sighing & kissing so close

Ah! she cry'd Ah! for a languishing Maid,
In a Country of Christians to die without aid
Not a Wigg or a Tory or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin who is at a loss
What they mean by their sighing & kissing so close
By their praying &c.

Cupid in shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw & sad Wound & in Pity drew near
Then shew'd her his Arrows, & bid her not fear
For tho Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear
When tho Balm was impos'd she was not at a loss
What they meant by th.r sighing & kissing so close
By their praying &c.

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp 1739

The Wakeful Nightingale

The Wa - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - keful Nightingale

The Wa - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - keful Nightingale & takes no

Rest while Cupid warms while Cupid warms his lit - - - - - - - - tle little Breast

all Night how Sweetly how Sweetly he Comes, & makes us twins

fear that so - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ve has Pains. No, no, no, no 'tis no such thing no, no, no

no, no, no, no, no 'tis no such thing for love & makes him Wake for love & make him Wa - - - - -

Hen. Roberts Sculp 1739

Set by Mr. Weldon

-ke makes him Sing no, no, no, no, 'tis

no such thing for Love if, makes him Wa-

-ke makes him Sing

1 2

1 2

FLUTE

2

1 2

Hon.R Roberts Fecit.

Cease the Rovers

set by Mr Hen Purcell

Cease ye, Rovers cease to ra - - - - - - - - - - - - nge to ra - - - - - - - - - - - nge the Rovers Cease to

Cease the Rovers cease to ra - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - nge the Rovers Cease to

ra - nge pleasure re - - - - - - - - - -

n - nge pleasure

vels, pleasure re - vels least in Change

re - - - - - - - - - - vels, pleasure re - - - - - - - - - - - - vels pleasure revels least in Change

Wand'ring still & still uneasie still, still uneasie, nought can fix ye, nought nought can plea - -

Wand'ring still & still uneasie still uneasie, nought can fix ye, nought nought can plea - -

- se ye nought can please ye whilst true love like heav'nly joys

- se ye nought can please ye whilst true love like heav'nly joys

never never dies never never never dies & never Cloys Cloys.

never never never never never never dies & never Cloys. Cloys.

Hen. Roberts Fecit

The Chaplet

set by D.r Greene

Cheerful

Ye purple-blooming Roses, Whom Love in wreaths disposes, Why guard ye

so your Treasures, And grudge ỹ. Boy his Pleasures. So mixt wth. sweet & sower,

Life's not unlike the Flower; It's Sweets unpluckd will languish, And gatherd

tis with anguish, It's sweets unpluckd wll. languish, & gatherd tis with anguish.

Then, Lovely Boy, bring hither
The Chaplet, ere it wither,
Steep'd in the various Juices
The Clusterd Vine produces:

This, round my moisten'd Tresses,
The use of life expresses:
:S: Wine blunts ỹ. Thorn of Sorrow;
Our Rose may fade to morrow :S:

Flute

Ren. Roberes Sculp 1739

Oft on the Troubled Ocean

Set by Mr. Galliard

Oft on ỹ. troubled Ocean's face loud stormy Winds arise, The murm'ring Surges swell apace, &

Clouds obscure ỹ. Skies: Skies: But when ỹ. Tempest's Rage is o'er soft Breezes smooth ỹ. Main, the

Billows cease to lash ỹ. Shore, & all is Calm a--gain Not so in fond & Am-rous

Souls, if tyrant Love once reigns, there one Eternal Tempest rools, & yields unceasing

Pains not Pains: Ah! cruel God our Peace restore or wound us with thy Shafts no more

:S:

Ah! cruel God, Ah Cruel God our Peace restore or wound us w. thy Shafts no more.

:S:

25.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliam.t 1739.

Fair Sally

Set by D.r Green

Hearty

Fair Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman With Tears she sent him out to roam Young Thomas

lov'd no other Woman, But left his heart with her at home She view'd y.e Sea from off the

Hill, and while she turn'd y.e Spinning Wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud and she grew paler,
To see the Weather cock turn round:
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
Come Singing o'er the fallow Ground:
With nimble haste he leap'd the Style
And Sally met him with a Smile
And hug'd her bonny Sailor.

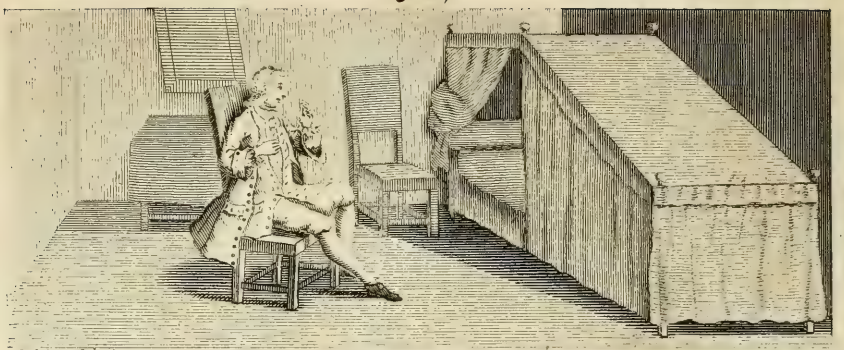
Fast round the Waste he took his Sally,
But first around his Mouth wind he;
Like homebred Spark he could not Dally,
But kiss'd, and prest her with a Glee;
Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
Cry'd He, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of sight ne'er out of Mind;
Our Hearts, tho Seas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much my thoughts took Tom my s part
That Time nor Absence from my Heart
Could drive my constant Thomas

This Knife the Gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for her dear sake;
A thousand times in am'rous Folly,
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck;
Again this happy Pledge returns,
To tell how truely Thomas burns;
How truly burns for Sally.

This Thimble did'st thou give to Sally;
Whilst this I see, I think of you
Then why does Tom stand still, I shall I,
While yonder Steeples in our View?
Tom, never to Occasion blind
Now took her in the coming Wind
And went to Church with Sally.

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit 1739

The Flea

set by Dr. Green

Little Flea why so Blood-thirsty thou'st drunk till it has almost burst ye thou'st

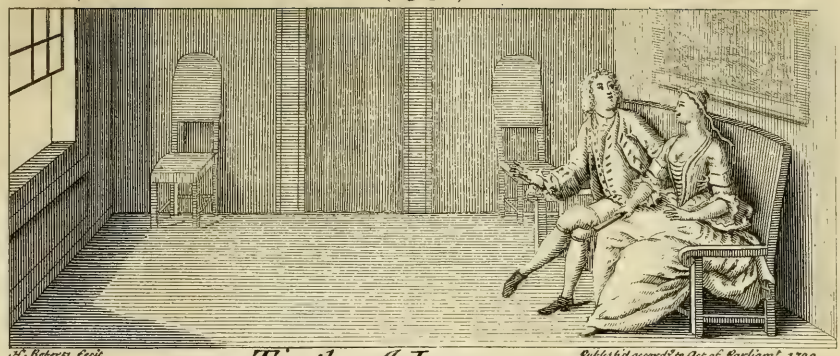
drunk till it has almost burst ye, thou'rt now too full of Pride I warrant, To

stir a step on Strephon's Errand To stir a step on Strephon's Errand.

Yet prithee sweet sincere Backbiter,
:S: To Chloe go, that false Delighter;
Go hide thy self within her Bodice,
And make her own, She is no Goddess :S:

Tell her the Shafts of Cupids Quiver,
:S: So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver
And when she holds Thee twixt her Fingers,
Say, thus your lovesick Strephon lingers .:S:

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit

Published accord.g to Act of Parliam.t 1739

'Tis thee I Love

'Tis thee I Love I'll constant prove you are the

Charmer of my Heart Heart Dearest be---lieve me

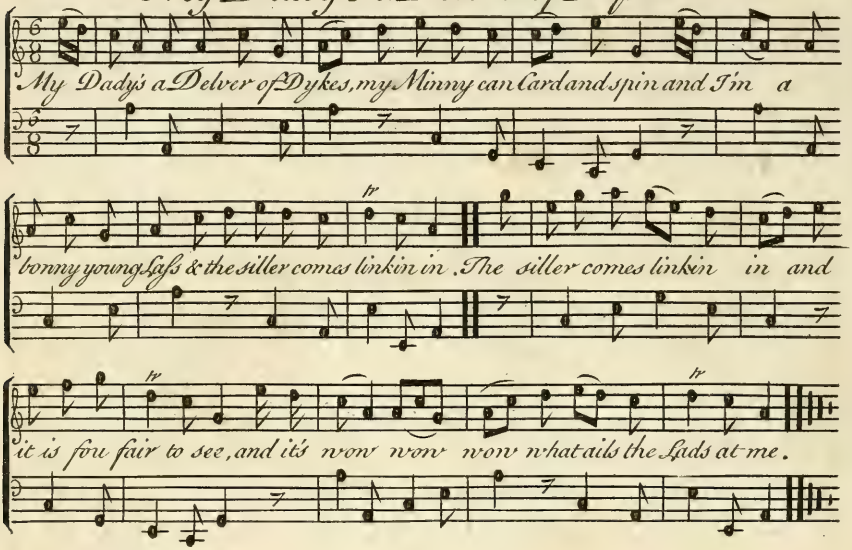
I'll ne'r de-ceive thee from Clo-e bright Cloe I ne'r can part.

2

Be kind as Fair,
Oh be not severe,
But shew Compassion on your Swain;
You'll ne'er repent it,
No ne'er relent it,
Dear Creature, dear Creature now ease my Pain

FLUTE

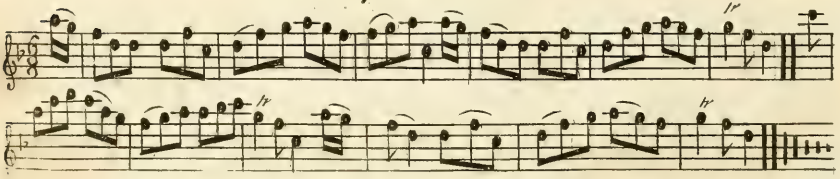
My Dady's a Delver of Dykes


My Dady's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny can Card and spin and I'm a
bonny young Lass & the siller comes linkin in. The siller comes linkin in and
it is fou fair to see, and it's wow wow wow what ails the Lads at me.

When ever our Bauty does Bark,
Then fast to the Door I do rin,
To see gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture in,
But ne'er a ane comes in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne Ben the House I rin,
And a weary night am I.

I had an auld Wife to my Minny,
(And (wow) gin she keept me lang,
And now the Carlin's Dead,
And I'll do what I can.
And I'll do what I can,
Wi' my Twenty Pound & my Cow,
But wow it's an unco' thing,
That na Body comes to woe.

FLUTE



Ken. Roberts fecit — Publish'd according to act of Parliam.t 1739

The Disappointment

Damon ask'd me but once And I faintly de---ny'd Intending to

snap him y.e next Time he try'd; but alass he's determin'd to ask me no

more And now makes his suit to the fam'd Leanore; But alass he's de-

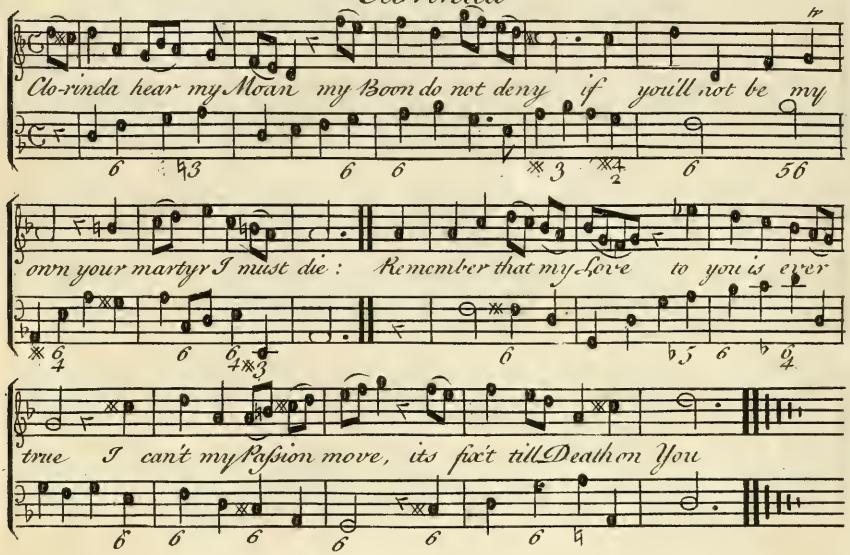
termin'd to ask me no more And now makes his Suit to the fam'd Leanore.

Yet why should I grieve, for I am well assur'd,
Had he lov'd me, he ne'er would have tak'en the first Word,
Tho' he fawns & he cringes, I'll venture to say,
That Man is a Fool that will take the first Nay

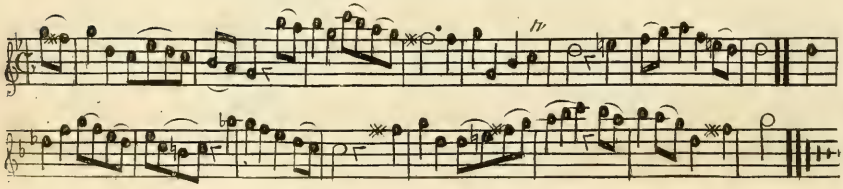
Had his Love been sincere & he really in Pain
He then would have ask'd me again and again;
But adieu, let him go, for I never will vex
A Swain that's in Earnest allows for our Sex.

Flute

JC Roberts fecit 1739

Clorinda

Clo-rinda hear my Moan my Boon do not deny if youill not be my
onn your martyr I must die : Remember that my Love to you is ever
true I can't my Passion move, its fix't till Death on You

If you my life will save,
Recieve me in your Arms;
Or sink me in my Grave,
A Victim to your Charms,
But when I'm dead and gone
Let this then be your Guide;
Engrave it on my Tomb,
For you I liv'd and dy'd.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit 1739

Charming Phillis

Dear charming Beauty you're my Pleasure, 'tis you alone that I a-------dore;

grant me your Love my on-ly Treasure and all my Care will now be o'er

Ah do not fly me my dear Jewel least you kill your faithful Slave

you ne'r was known yet to be cruel to destroy what you can save.

Had I ne'er seen you charming Phillis,
Such Torture I should ne'er have known;
But thank my Stars if that your will is,
To smile and ever be my own,
No greater Blessing I'd desire,
Than your matchless Charms my Fair;
For you are all that I admire,
And all I love and all I fear.

Flute

Hen. Roberts fecit

Publish'd according to Act of Parliam.t 1739

Scots Sang

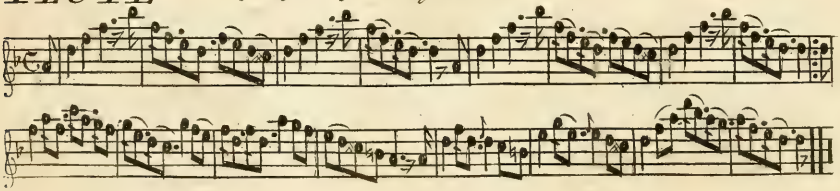
Set by D.r Green

Tender

Sweet Annie fra the Sea Beach came, where Jockey speeld ỹ Skiff sel's side Ah! wha can keep her heart at hame, wⁿ Jockey's toss'd aboon ỹ Tide. Far aff till distant Realms he gangs, But Ise be true as he ha bin And when ilk Lass a-raund him thrangs he'll think on Annie's faithfu Teen.

Our Weelthy Laird I met yestreen,
With Gow'd in hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my Brow, and rowan Een,
And made a Brag of what he'd gie
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Blaw'd up and down the awesome Main
Ise keep my heart anither Day
Syne Jockey may return again.

Nae mair fause Jamy sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your Pine away,
Thy Jockey wad be troubled sair,
To see his Green his Loo betray.
Yer sangs, and a yer Verse is vain,
While Jockeys Notes do faithfu flow,
To him my Heart sal true remain,
Ise keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw fast, ye Gales, raund Jockey's Head,
And gar ye Waves be cawm and still,
His hame ward Sails with Breezes speed,
And dinna a my Pleasures spill.
Tho full o'erlang will be his Stay,
Yet then he'll brav in fitter shine,
Ise keep my Heart anither Day;
Syne Jockey will again be mine.

FLUTE